

PERILS OF YACHTING.—TRAINING THE HARVARD CREW.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. XCII.—No. 2500.
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NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1901.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.
Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post-Office.



BENGAL LANCERS AT THEIR EXCITING SPORT OF "TENT-PEGGING."

ONE OF THE FAVORITE DIVERSIONS AT A PEKING GYMKHANA.—DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY SYDNEY ADAMSON, SPECIAL ARTIST
FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" IN CHINA.—[SEE PAGE 596.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly in the United States.

THE 20TH CENTURY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

PUBLISHED BY THE JUDGE COMPANY.

Judge Building, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Western Office, Boyce Building, 112 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Broom's Building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London, England; Saar-
bach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany; Brentano's, Paris, France.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1901.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Terms: \$4.00 per year; \$2.00 for six months.

Foreign Countries in Postal Union, \$5.00.

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, and in Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, Tutuila, Samoa, Canada, and Mexico.

Subscriptions payable in advance by draft on New York, or by express or postal order, not by local checks, which, under present banking regulations of New York, are at a discount in that city.

Advantages of the Higher Education to Workingmen.*

(Contributed Article to Leslie's Weekly.)



PROFESSOR JOSEPH OWEN, THE ENGLISH SCHOLAR, WHO WAS A MILL-OPERATIVE SIX YEARS AGO.

THE higher education is sometimes supposed to consist in a knowledge of certain things which have no bearing on the real business of life. It serves as a refined amusement to those who are removed from the necessity of taking life seriously. It is only incidentally that it assumes any real importance, viz., in finding lucrative and agreeable employment to a certain number of teachers, professors, writers, and

others, who, like other business men, make a profit by selling a useless article.

Such studies as the classical languages and literatures, history and philosophy, form a fit preparation for a life of interesting dilettanteism. One may occupy himself seriously with them only if he has unlimited leisure, or in the capacity of academic professor provides himself thereby a respectable livelihood. Such is the view commonly accepted. And yet it is easy to see that literature, history, and philosophy do not exist for any ulterior profit; nor are they the products of idle minds in search of amusement.

In literature is embodied the most strenuous intellectual life and the intensest spiritual effort. Whether literature or philosophy be pursued as an amusement or in the serious determination to learn the highest truths "of God, of nature, and of human life" depends on the student himself. With the majority the pursuit of knowledge, the cultivation of the beautiful in life, remain an amusement. The most important things are held to be a good livelihood and a moral life. And so, no doubt, they are.

The commonplace virtues are no doubt socially of most value. Society stands firm only on the solid basis of respectability. And yet it is not without reason that we call that the higher education which is primarily concerned neither with livelihood nor morals in the ordinary sense. The lower education is concerned with livelihood, the higher with life. How to live, not how to get one's living, is the subject of its speculation. It seeks to see life steadily and see it whole. "Philosophy," as Emerson pithily said, "grinds no axes." We seek truth not to sell it but to possess it. To understand life, to enter into the deep secrets of nature and God—in a word, that we may have life and have it more abundantly—such is the true object of all higher education. Art, science, philosophy, music, history, so far as these help, we desire them; not to become professional artists, scientists, musicians, historians, teachers of philosophic systems, but to live to learn of wisdom and be satisfied.

If this be the meaning of the higher education why should there be any special appeal to the workingman to remind him of its importance or its advantages? To speak of the advantages of education is as if one should speak of the advantages of religion. When St. Paul wrote "Godliness is profitable unto all things," many supposed him to

(Continued on page 596.)

* Joseph Owen, B. A., the writer of this article, is a most interesting and remarkable character. Six years ago he was only an operative in a great mill at Oldham, England, with a young wife to care for and apparently nothing before him but the routine and laborious career of an ordinary mill-worker. A few months ago Owen received the degree of bachelor of arts from Balliol College, and has since been elected to a fellowship at Pembroke. Between these two points in Owen's life history came six years of arduous study, of heroic effort, and noble self-denial. Many sore trials and sad discouragements came along also, the greatest among these being the death, at his Oxford home, of the young and beloved wife, his chief helper and inspirer, and that just at the time when the husband was about to grasp the first honors of his academic course. Notwithstanding this terrible bereavement, Owen kept on in his work, encouraged by sympathetic and appreciative friends who knew his gifts, until he attained the position which he now holds, a position which any man in England might be justly proud to gain. Mr. Owen's love for learning and his success in scholarship have come about largely through the opportunities extended to him while a mill-operative at Oldham by the Oxford University extension lectures, given in that town. His history affords a striking illustration of the practical utility of that system of popular education as it exists both in England and in the United States.—EDITOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

America's Omnipotent Court.

DELOME, the Swiss publicist, declared that Britain's Parliament could do anything except change a man into a woman or a woman into a man. No such omnipotence resides in the parliament of any other country, but this attribute is decisively present in America's highest court. In the thirty-four formative years in which Marshall was at the head of the Supreme Court, that tribunal set aside many acts of Congress, thus asserting a power never exercised by any other court in the world, and nullified dozens of State laws.

"Nearly every State of the Union," said that State-sovereignty advocate, the *Democratic Review*, in 1838, in referring to Marshall's influence, "has, in turn, been brought up for sentence. Georgia, New Jersey, Virginia, New Hampshire, Vermont, Louisiana, Missouri, Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New York, Massachusetts, South Carolina—all passed through the Caudine forks of a subjugation which has more than revived the suzerainty of States."

Marshall's death and the deaths and resignations of other members of the Bench who had been subject to his sway, and the selection of their successors by Jackson and Van Buren, revolutionized the court, and from that time until after the close of the Civil War the Bench was less assertive of Federal power. Then, through the appointment of Republican judges, the balance went to the strong central government side again, and the leaning has been in that direction ever since.

Under Marshall's sway a league of States had been transformed into a nation. The momentum of the swing toward the nationalist side became so powerful in the third of a century's service of that great jurist that it could not be suspended in the days when the court was changed by the appointments by Jackson, Van Buren, Polk, Pierce, and Buchanan. Marshall's decisions from 1801 to 1835, and Webster's reply to Hayne in 1830, aroused the nationalist sentiment which raised the armies that, under Lincoln and Grant, suppressed insurrection and saved the Union.

The Supreme Court's decision in 1884 that the government has unlimited power to make paper money legal tender in peace as well as in war, which reversed a previous decision of the court, fostered the fiat-money notion which gave silverism its dangerous vogue afterward, culminating in 1896 and 1900. The court's decisions in the Porto Rico cases just rendered, making Congress absolute in the country's new possessions, in defiance of the guarantees of the Constitution, which apply only to the States, give the United States subjects as well as citizens. All these rulings, however, are in line with previous decisions which asserted that the government of the United States possesses every power inherent in sovereignty in any nation. Parenthetically, it may be added right here that Senator Hill's hostility, in the session of 1893-94, to President Cleveland's appointment to the Bench, first of Mr. Hornblower, and then of Wheeler H. Peckham—either of whom undoubtedly would have declared against the recent assertion of power—which hostility forced Cleveland to name Justice White, who has taken the nationalist side, is responsible for the Porto Rico decisions.

The Porto Rico cases, like many other important suits before the Supreme Court, were decided by a majority of one. By a majority of one vote the Supreme Court of the United States can set aside an act passed by 357 members of the House of Representatives, by ninety Senators, and signed by the President. No such stretch of omnipotence has ever been wielded elsewhere in the world by any one person, be he Emperor, Kaiser, Sultan, or Czar.

Building Up Young Men.

AMONG the characteristic tendencies of the day in every department of human endeavor, none is more hopeful and encouraging than the tendency to enlarge upon the worth and the necessity of a pure, strong, self-reliant young manhood to solve the increasingly difficult problems of the day and to face the ever accumulating duties and responsibilities which an advancing civilization is bringing upon us.

More and more is it evident that clear heads, strong hearts, and sound bodies are needed to carry on the world's work. Business men are everywhere emphasizing this need and requiring that the young men whom they employ shall come up to this standard. The greatest industrial, commercial, and manufacturing enterprises of the day are insisting upon sobriety, honesty, and good moral conduct among those who enter their service. The call is for young men of this character and calibre, and for these only.

Because of this tendency and these demands, the service rendered the community by the Young Men's Christian Association, which has just celebrated in Boston the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, is being more valued and appreciated by practical business men. Aside from all considerations of a religious nature, the work of the association is deserving of the encouragement and support of the general public, because it has for its specific aim the development of an all-around type of manhood. The Christianity which it teaches and exemplifies is a Christianity of a practical, robust, and common-sense kind, a Christianity which takes into full account the present needs of the present world and endeavors to meet them in a direct and reasonable way.

The associations have been objected to in times past on the part of some churches as useless and unnecessary; they only served to draw off, it was said, from the interest and support of the churches. That might be true if the churches fully realized their social mission and were utilizing, as they should, the opportunities and advantages they possess for reaching and helping men. As long as the churches continue the practice of consecrating their huge and costly piles of stone and marble to silence, frigidity, and do-nothingness for six days out of seven, so long will the associations have an ample and sufficient reason for existence. With their gymnasiums, reading-rooms, educational classes, and a score of other features and departments for instruction, entertainment, and general helpfulness, accessible to young men at all times, and all infused with a spirit of genuine kindness and hospitality—with all these things the associations are meeting a real need of the times as it is not met by the churches, nor by any other existing agencies. Rightly viewed, these organizations are the most powerful allies which the

churches have to-day, and this is the view now taken of them by all enlightened and progressive churchmen.

The strength, success, and popularity of this organization of young men is evidenced by the widespread interest excited by the jubilee convention in Boston, by the long list of distinguished men, clerical and lay, statesmen, jurists, educators, railroad presidents, capitalists, and divines from this and other lands, who took part in the proceedings, and the thousands of delegates in attendance from all parts of the world. From the reports presented it appears that the associations have a total membership of over 800,000, and own property to the value of over \$26,000,000, all but \$6,000,000 of this valuation being in the United States.

Of special significance was the development shown in army, naval, and railroad branches, where the service rendered has been recognized and approved in the most cordial terms by leading government officials, naval and army officers, and business men. With such a record behind it the Young Men's Christian Association has ample reasons for looking forward to the coming years with large hope for still greater achievements, and a still wider scope of service.

The Plain Truth.

A SIGH of relief with proportions not unlike that of a whirlwind will sweep over the country on July 1st, when the amended revenue law will go into effect abolishing the use of stamps on bank-checks. No method devised for raising government revenue during the Spanish war period has been so annoying, inconvenient, and often exasperating as this. Especially has this been true with the host of men and women having small bank accounts, who have not found it practicable to purchase check-books already stamped. And let it be remembered that the credit for this salutary change is due chiefly to the wise and earnest persistence of the Hon. Sereno E. Payne, of New York, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, and his associates in the House, and not at all to the Hon. Nelson W. Aldrich, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. The Senator from Rhode Island, for some inscrutable reason, seemed to be interested rather in a reduction in the beer and tobacco tax, than in the abolition of the petty and annoying tax on bank-checks. It is fortunate for his party and for the public that his influence in this matter did not prove to be potential.

The utterances of no living American citizen are freighted with more good sense and practical wisdom and command the respect of a larger number of people than those of the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt. This is because Mr. Hewitt is a man of ripe experience in public affairs, a successful financier and capitalist, a philanthropist and a reformer whose practice is always in harmony with his preaching. When, therefore, Mr. Hewitt tells an audience, as he did the other night at Cooper Union, New York, that a man who is rich and does not use his wealth for the general good is "worthy of the execration of his fellows," his utterance had a point and force which few lips could give it. Of equal weight and timeliness was his declaration that great private fortunes are necessary in the present state of civilization, and that neither labor nor capital nor both have made this country great, but the utilization and combination of both by men of brains have done it. The man who believes in a universal leveling process, concluded Mr. Hewitt, believes also in an era of universal mediocrity. These sentences sum up a whole volume of common-sense philosophy on the economic and industrial problems which are now troubling the world.

Nothing could be more indicative of the progressive spirit now prevailing among the Southern people than the powerful movement now in progress in that section of the Union in favor of improved highways. The South, in common with the rest of the country, is suffering from a wretched and inadequate system of road-building, making travel outside of the towns and cities practically impossible at some seasons of the year, and a source of annoyance and discomfort at all seasons. Recently the National Good Roads Association began a campaign of education in the South, and its efforts have been heartily seconded by the leading newspapers, with the result of arousing an enthusiastic interest in road improvement among the people. As everywhere else, the many advantages of improved highways are so obvious that they need only to be stated to secure the approval and encouragement of all intelligent and public-spirited citizens. Nothing would prove more helpful in developing the agricultural resources of the Southern States and hastening on the era of prosperity for all classes, than a system of broad, smooth, well-constructed roads connecting the country districts with the cities, seaports, and other commercial centres.

The far-sightedness and shrewd business sense to which Mr. John D. Rockefeller owes so much of the success of his vast business undertakings have noticeably characterized his action in making a gift of \$200,000 for the establishment of an institute for medical research, with the promise of more money to follow as it may be needed for the same purpose. The announced plan of this institute is to search out the origin and causes of diseases and to devise measures and methods for prevention. To this end the institution will be equipped with the ablest men and the best medical and mechanical appliances which the world affords and money can supply. Mr. Rockefeller is credited with having given away not less than \$5,000,000 in the past ten years for educational, charitable, and religious purposes, but we doubt whether all his other benefactions put together will yield such substantial and enduring benefits to mankind as this gift for medical research. As much as the ounce of prevention is better than the pound of cure, so much better is the institution of a society equipped for a thorough and exhaustive research into the sources of disease than the founding of hospitals and asylums for the treatment of it. As the former increase in power and effectiveness, the latter are sure to decrease. Both kinds of service are needed, the preventive and the curative, but it will be well for the world if this noble benefaction of Mr. Rockefeller shall lead to greater emphasis being placed in the future upon the first rather than the last, to more thorough study and larger effort on the part of medical men and health authorities to get at the beginnings of diseases and stamp them out in their incipency.

REV. DR. JECT

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PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—ONE of the last acts of Queen Victoria was to confer an unusual honor on an American missionary, a missionary of the American Board, Boston—the Rev. R. A. Hume, D.D., of Ahmednagar, India, and of New Haven, Conn. Dr. Hume has been the executive secretary of the American-Indian Relief Committee during the recent famine, in which position he has borne unusual responsibility in the distribution of the relief funds received from the United States for this purpose. His efficient services attracted the attention of the viceroy, who recommended him to the Queen for the Kaiser's Hind gold medal, which is given only for especially distinguished public service. Such recognition will be particularly valued by Dr. Hume, as he is one of the not more than half a dozen who have ever received the medal. The American Board and its co-operating organization, the Woman's Board of Missions, it is understood, feel that the commendations of Queen Victoria, Minister Conger, Consul-General Goodnow, and R. E. Bredon, British commissioner of customs at Shanghai, bestowed upon their missionaries in India and China are sufficient answers to the criticisms of American humorists and cynics, who have carried their criticisms so far as to accuse some of the best missionaries of making "character-blasting confessions." It must be evident to the public that government officials, at home and abroad, have no reason for commending and honoring missionaries except for meritorious deeds, philanthropic and Christian.

—The little green blossom dear to the heart of Ireland's sons and daughters the world over has added substantially to its fame by the service it has rendered to the fund raised in Great Britain for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers in South Africa. A leading spirit in this good work has been the charming and beautiful Lady Limerick, of Drogheda Castle. She organized the Shamrock League, and during the past year has given largely of her time, thought, and means to the promotion of its work. So enthusiastic and successful has Lady Limerick been that she has acquired the title of "the Shamrock Countess," a title of which she may well be proud. The countess is the daughter of Mr. J. Buthe-Irwin, one of Ireland's most popular sportsmen, and she herself is devoted to out-door sports, particularly to the chase. The present Lord Limerick is the fourth of his line. The paternal estates at Limerick include about 5,800 acres, and are considered the finest in Ireland.

—An educational project of great significance and of world-wide interest is that announced in the establishment of a new Jewish university in New York on a large and generous plan. The projector is Rev. Dr. Isadore Singer, who is well and favorably known in literary and theological circles as the originator and managing editor of a Jewish encyclopedia. It is said that the new institution will have an assured income of \$60,000 a year, and that it has the approval of the most eminent and progressive Jewish educators and leaders throughout the country. The full title of the institution will be the University for Jewish Theology, History, and Literature. Being asked by LESLIE'S WEEKLY to give an outline of his programme for the university, Dr. Singer replied as follows: "The time seems opportune to take the necessary steps to enlarge the scope of the Jewish Theological Seminary and make it a real high school of Jewish learning by grouping all the intellectual and spiritual forces of New York Judaism around it. So let the rejuvenated New York Jewish Theological Seminary stand for broadness of view. Let it be a high school of learning where all the various branches of Jewish lore are taught, and all the men who have some knowledge to impart may find

the opportunity of teaching on this new *Universitas Literarum Judaicarum*. Rabbinical and modern Bible-exegesis, the whole Talmudic literature, the history of the Jews from the oldest times to the present day, the philosophy and ethics of Judaism, the scientific study of Hebrew and the cognate languages, the vast Neo-Hebraic literature—that, in its main lines, should be the programme of our new Jewish academy." It has been decided that the buildings of the university shall be located upon Washington Heights, in order that the students may attend Columbia University also if they so desire. The success of the undertaking is apparently assured from the start.

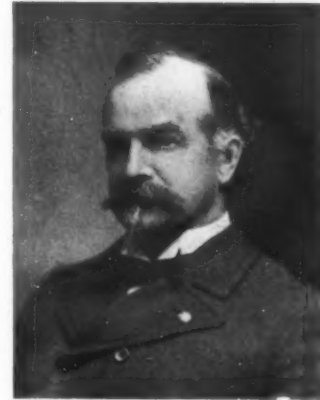
—A remarkable political situation has developed in South Carolina. The two United States Senators from that State, Messrs. John L. McLaurin and Benjamin Tillman, both Democrats, have declared open war against each other, each claiming that the other is not a true representative of his party. Mr. Tillman, the senior Senator and former Governor of the State, has been the acknowledged leader of the Democrats in South Carolina for some years. He is an outspoken adherent of the Chicago platform. Senator McLaurin believes that the time has come for a return to the old-time principles of Jeffersonian Democracy. He acted in accordance with these convictions at the last session of Congress, and so squarely opposed

several important legislative measures favored by his colleague. The result of these differences has been to create a feeling of intense bitterness between the two men. McLaurin is accused by Tillman and his friends with being "a commercial Democrat," a Republican in disguise, a friend of plutocrats and other sinners, and not fit to be trusted by the people. On the other hand, Tillman is declared to be a demagogue, the advocate of a weak and disastrous financial policy, and not a sound Democrat nor a safe leader. The two men recently determined to submit their cases to the people for vindication at the primaries, and for this purpose both placed their resignations in Governor McSweeney's hands. Both Senators, however, have been asked by the Governor to withdraw their resignations in the interests of public peace and party harmony, and they have done so. Senator McLaurin claims to have the support of the solid, progressive, and thinking citizens of South Carolina in the effort he is making to free his party from Bryanism, and there is good reason for the belief that his claims have a sound basis.

—No one has figured more prominently in the affairs of South Africa since the outbreak of the Boer war than Sir Alfred Milner, who has been Governor of Cape Colony and high commissioner of South Africa since 1897. While Sir Alfred's duties have not led him to the fighting-ground, his services to England during the dark and eventful days of the past two years have been not less eminent and valuable. The responsibilities resting upon him by virtue of his position at the chief base of supplies and operations in South Africa have been very heavy and, at times, exceedingly trying. He has discharged them all, however, in a manner that has won for him the praise of the world. He has been wise, firm, tactful, and energetic, an able diplomat, a sagacious counselor, and a strong executive. Sir Alfred was a journalist in his early manhood, serving on the *Pall Mall Gazette* and other London papers. Later he became private secretary to Mr. Goschen, chancellor of the exchequer, and for five years previous to his appointment in South Africa was chairman of the board of inland revenue. Recently Sir Alfred has been spending a much-needed and well-earned vacation in England, and has been the recipient of many honors on the part of his admir-

ing and appreciative countrymen. On the eve of his departure from Cape Town he was presented with an address signed by 10,000 citizens of the Colony, expressive of their high esteem for him as a man and an administrator.

—Unless all signs fail, Nebraska will be favored during the next two years with a State administration of a specially vigorous, aggressive, and business-like order. Governor Dietrich, who resigned on May 1st to accept the office of United States Senator, gave to Nebraska an administration of that order, but Lieutenant-Governor Ezra P. Savage, who succeeds him in the gubernatorial chair, promises to do still better. Governor Savage is a man of the people in the best and highest sense of the term—shrewd, honest, capable, and far-seeing—and, so far as his power and influence go, it is certain that the affairs of Nebraska will be managed during his term in the interests of all classes



HON. EZRA P. SAVAGE, THE FORMER RANCHMAN, NOW GOVERNOR OF NEBRASKA.
Photograph by Clements.

and without fear or favor. He has been called the "cowboy Governor," but that is hardly an appropriate title, since Mr. Savage has been engaged for the past ten or fifteen years in a variety of large business projects, including ranching, stock-raising, farming, real estate, and also in such legal business as might be carried on in a small country town. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket with Mr. Dietrich, and his popularity among ranchmen brought thousands of votes to the Republican standard. One of the first acts of the new Governor was to notify all the appointive officers that he was watching them, and if they did not do their duty he would "fire them at short range."

—Educational interests in the South during the past twenty-five years have had no stronger or more helpful friend than General Wilbur R. Smith, whose silver-anniversary as president of the Commercial College of Kentucky University was celebrated with great *clat* at Lexington on June 4th. General Smith was called to Kentucky University when a young man, and nearly 10,000 young men and women have been educated by him. Graduates of the institution may be found occupying prominent positions of honor and trust, not only in the Southern States, but in many other parts of the Union. Among the prominent speakers who participated in the exercises on June 4th were Governor W. O. Bradley, ex-Chief Justice Hazelrigg, and Lieutenant-Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, the latter being a graduate. General Smith is a native of Ohio, and, although twenty-five years ago he did not know a man south of the Mason and Dixon line, he has been signally honored in being called to various responsible positions, as world's fair commissioner, Adjutant-General of Kentucky, besides being successful in banking and other enterprises. General Smith began his work in educating young men at a time when the young men of the South had to go elsewhere to receive a training which would enable them to take hold of and manage the affairs of business, at that time just beginning to recuperate from the effects of the late Civil War, and in this service he has been remarkably successful.

—A noteworthy wedding which occurred this month was that of Justice David J. Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, and Miss Emma Minot Mott. The announcement of the engagement only a few weeks ago caused no little excitement in society circles in Washington, as well as in Burlington, Vt., where Miss Mott was living with Mr. and Mrs. J. Lindley Hail, at whose home the wedding took place. Mrs. Brewer was the daughter of the late Dr. William Mott and is a native of Chateaugay, N. Y., where her father stood high in his profession. After her graduation from the Oswego (N. Y.) normal school at the head of her class she taught for a year in the Howard Mission in New York City. Then she went to Fond du Lac, Wis., where she taught for several years in the high school. Her father's health failing she gave up her school and returned to her home. There she engaged in fitting young women for the normal school, later going to Boston to study vocal music. With her mother she went to Washington in 1885, soon after the death of her father, to teach and to be with her sister, Miss Clara E. Mott, an examiner in the Pension Office. Her sister died in 1892 and her mother's death occurred last year. Miss Mott became the principal of the Morse public school, in Washington. She is also a member of the First Congregational Church, which Justice Brewer attends.



GENERAL WILBUR R. SMITH, A KENTUCKY EDUCATOR.



THE BRIDE OF JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER.



THE REV. R. A. HUME, HONORED BY THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA.



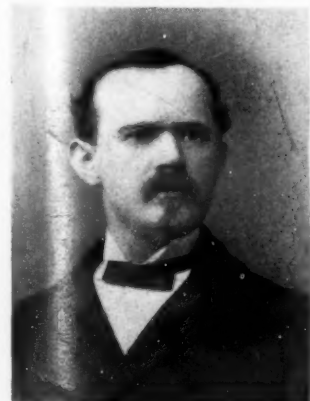
SENATOR TILLMAN.



SENATOR MCLAURIN.



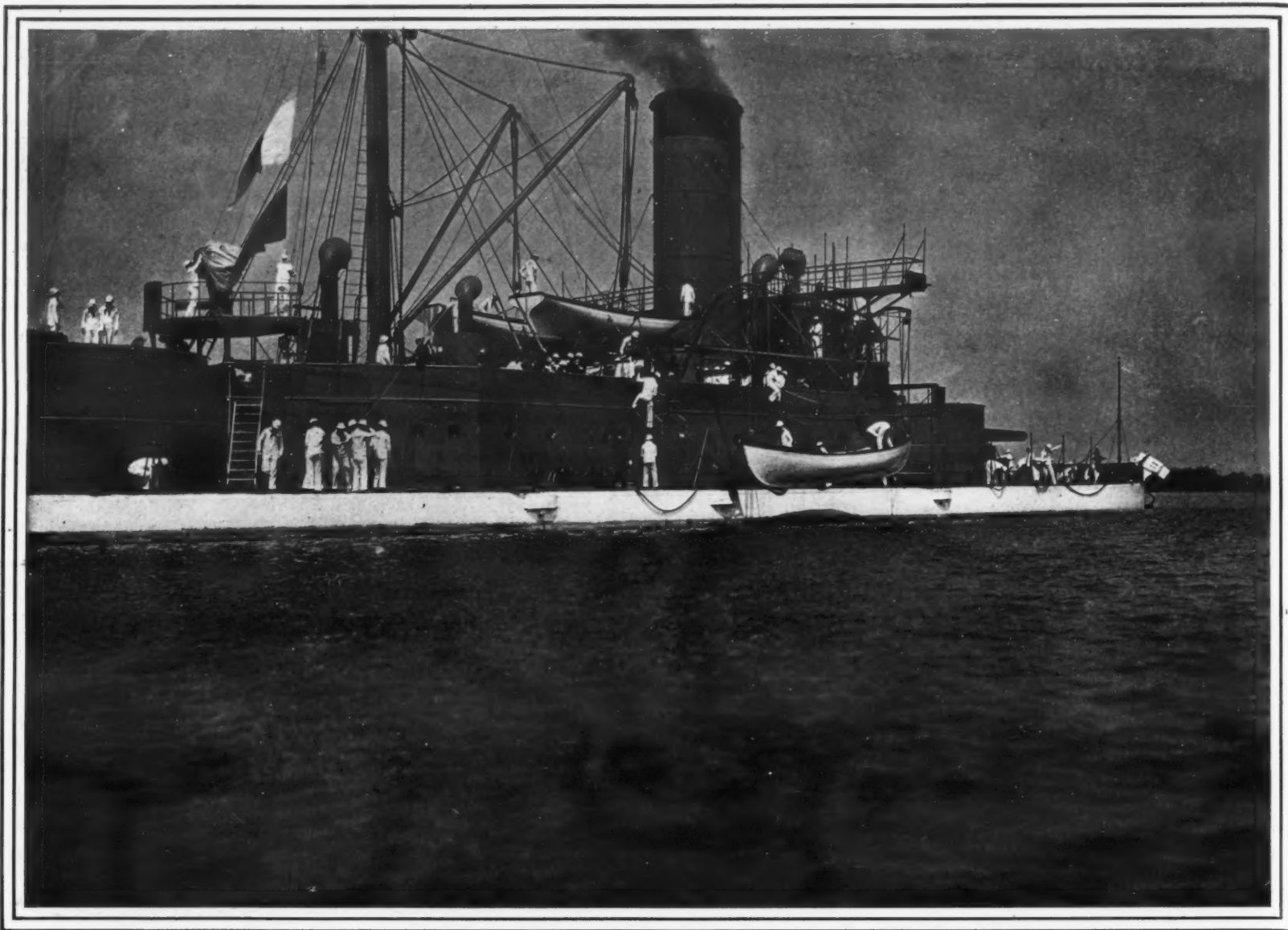
THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK, WHO ORGANIZED THE SHAMROCK FUND.



REV. DR. ISADORE SINGER, THE PROJECTOR OF A NEW JEWISH UNIVERSITY.



SIR ALFRED MILNER, THE GOVERNOR OF CAPE COLONY.
From the London Sphere.



PRACTICAL DRILL OF ANNAPOLIS NAVAL CADETS ON THE MONITOR "PURITAN."—"CLEAR SHIP FOR ACTION!"



WEST POINT CADETS DEFENDING A BATTERY WITH GATLING GUNS, IN A SHAM BATTLE.

READY FOR THE SERVICE OF UNCLE SAM.

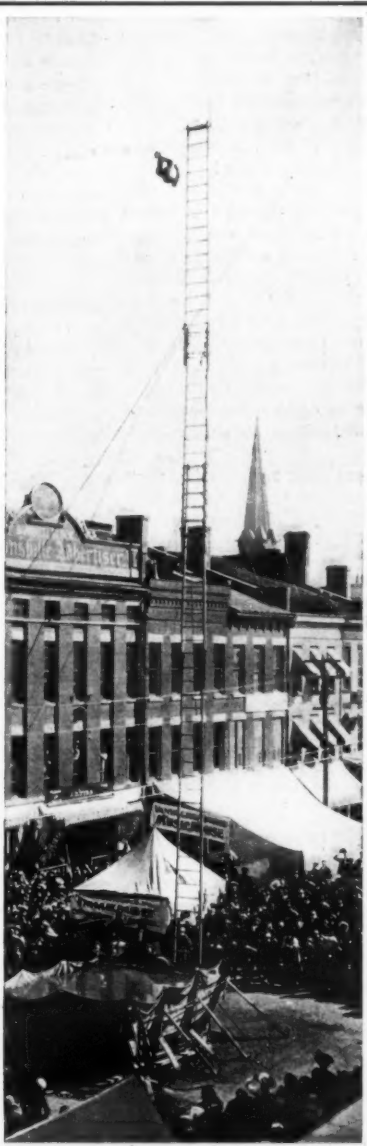
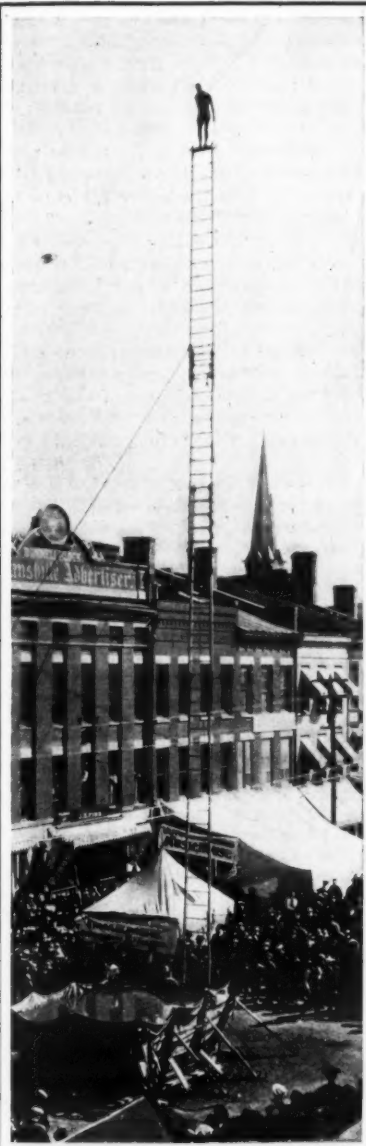
CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE YEAR AT THE MILITARY AND NAVAL ACADEMIES.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, R. L. DUNN.



A SCULPTURE IN WET SAND AT ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., BY A VISITING ARTIST.
Harry D. Eastman, Baltimore.



A DOUBLE DIVE—THE SMALLER MAN STOOD ON THE OTHER'S SHOULDERS.
F. S. Shepard, Peoria, Ill.



DANA THOMPSON, THE HIGH DIVER, LEAPING FROM A SEVENTY-FIVE-FOOT LADDER
AT DANSVILLE, N. Y.—*S. E. Wright, Dansville, N. Y.*



A GOOD DIVE.
R. L. Lippitt, Providence, R. I.



NEGRO BOYS DIVING FOR PENNIES AT NASSAU, N. P.—*Josephine Stockton, Pittsburg, Penn.*



HAPPY FRESH-AIR PARTY ON THE LAKE SHORE.—*S. L. Gates, Chicago.*



(THE PRIZE-WINNER.) WATCHING THE TIDE COME IN.—*Charles E. Tingley, Boston.*

SEA AND LAKE-SHORE PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMATEURS IN OUR PRIZE CONTEST.
MASSACHUSETTS WINS.

(SEE OFFERS OF VARIOUS SPECIAL PRIZES IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.)



A SIGHT FOR THE GODS."

An Exciting Gymkhana in Peking.

(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

WHEREVER the Britisher goes his sports go with him. A polo pony, especially when he is of the tough Indian breed with the blood of the Arab sire in his veins, serves well as a charger, and a good "waler" can carry a military saddle in the field and take the hurdles in splendid style when the campaign is over.

If the blue dome of the Temple of Heaven in Peking could speak, its opinion in classic Chinese on the sports which flourish on the level turf within the sacred groves of its celestial domain would be worth translating. But the temple is silent and the Emperor is miles away over the hills; so races are run and hurdles cleared, whiskey-and-sodas, cheroots and coffee are served by dusky Sikhs from spotless table-linen on the turf; officer-jockeys are weighed, and Arabs, Indian ponies, Chinese plugs, and natty Filipino steeds paw the air and kick up the dust to the tune of Bombay bagpipes!

A gymkhana, as everybody knows, is a gathering for sports of this class in India. But the name has traveled, and in America we have children's gymkhanas and gymkhanas on wheels; but these lack the flavor which a bushy-bearded Sikh in a gorgeous red coat, golden turban, and black puttees, gives to the assembly. Add to this the charming incongruity of horse-racing in a "heavenly" grove; an assembly of dandy German officers armed with eye-glasses and waxed mustaches; Britishers long and lean—the athletic Englishman is as unlike the John Bull type as Hanna is unlike Uncle Sam—American infantry and American cavalry, scores of Japanese and some Italians, but never a Frenchman to be seen—all this in Peking in November, with the soft afternoon sun trying to warm the sharp air, and somewhere in the distance the rhythmic jangle of the camel bells, and you have the setting.

I have a saddle—not a very good saddle, picked up in the Philippines—cheap. It has the advantage of being light, in fact almost a racing saddle. It has been trying to give way in parts for six months, but never quite succeeds in its efforts, and I hold on to it with that love of things which one owns and which have a story, always hoping that it will not give way at the wrong moment. That it carried me through the night and the rain to the valley where Lawson was killed, and many a mile besides through jungle and mire, may have something to do with my fondness for it, and it only seems in keeping with these things that it should have done the march to Peking as my Chinaman's seat on a Chinese donkey.

I also have among my friends two lieutenants of the United States service, but their names are not to be mentioned in connection with such deeds of gallantry as these; sufficient let it be, that one is in the infantry and the other wears yellow stripes. The heavy-hooded stirrups of a government saddle had in a previous race parted company with my infantry friend's feet, and the banging of the stirrups on the slender legs of his Filipino greyhound, coupled with his reduced stability, had lost him the race. The lieutenant of cavalry, who scaled some fifteen or twenty pounds less than the hero of the lost race, determined to

win the next pony event, and to make the game more certain, the historical saddle was borrowed and the light snaffle bridle, while the China boy held the denuded steed.

I felt a special interest in this race and, as the owner of the saddle, gave sage advice on the management of the saddle, and about the pony I said nothing. The stirrups were fairly short, giving the proper angle to the thigh of a jockey. But the cavalry ride with a straight leg and in a saddle that sits deep, which acts as a support, compared with which my veteran is as no saddle at all. Well, they were "off," and we watched the fun. The pony led, and for a time the yellow-striped trousers kept fairly near the leather, but as the speed increased, the cavalry legs would straighten and the body rose a foot clear of the pony's back, and then the bridle was pulled,

a wild dash was made off the track among the trees, over the grass, and a group of sepoys scattered before the charge. One was knocked over in the dust, and then a wild-eyed pony with rider askew regained the track and came in a bad second, beaten by a mere commissary officer of infantry at that! I am positive the cavalryman is a perfect gentleman; he was profuse in his thanks for the loan of this immortal pig-skin!

The Chinese pony resembles a very clumsy, undersized cart-horse. He is tubby and chunky, with big feet, and at all times is lost in a coat of shaggy hair, while his mane and tail were evidently made for a larger animal. To see a German dandy charge wildly past the winning-post on this ball of flying hair is a sight for the gods! Have you ever noticed, when the burd competition comes on, how very seriously the competitors take it, and the sporting assemblage looks on with superior scorn every time a horse balks or kicks the gate? It takes a splendid horse, well managed, to clear all five without a fault, and then the praise is given with a "just-how-I-do-it-myself" air, which robs the winner of any distinction above mere approval.

But when the Bengal cavalry start their tent-pegging with the lance, the interest is keen. When four charge abreast, each man swung over to the right of his horse, his body bent forward and the lance gradually lowering as the horse thunders along, the interest is intense; the lances flash to the ground, and all down the line exclamations burst forth: "Three have got it!" "One has dropped!" "No, two have it!" "Only one missed altogether!" Some of the officers can pick up the peg driven in the earth on the point of the sabre as the horse flashes past the mark. The sun is setting and the air is sharp as we all ride off to our various camps, and it is good to feel that Sandhurst and West Point have been championing the Anglo-Saxon religion of exercise and fresh air, in open contempt of dusty temples and effeminate gods.

PEKING, May 12th, 1901.

SYDNEY ADAMSON.

Advantages of the Higher Education to Workingmen.

(Continued from page 592.)

mean that godliness would increase the profits of the grocer and the hardware dealer. Happily we are losing these naïve, crude misapprehensions of spiritual truths. If education means the growth of the soul, the quickening of the intellect, a widened vista, a deeper insight, what other advantage do we want?

Unfortunately, however, the "natural man" within most of us desires not so much a higher intellectual and spiritual life as a greater variety of pleasant sensations. Intellect is made the minister of the senses. Education, a high standard of intelligence, knowledge, refinement of taste, these are associated with a certain conventional social rank and material wealth.

If wealth without education is ridiculed, education without wealth is pitied. Hence there seems something anomalous in any education for workingmen which does not teach them to

improve their material position. Various influences conspire to induce any workingman with more than ordinary gifts to use them as a lever for social advancement. No workingman who can acquire knowledge and training for any of the higher branches of work need lack employment or material reward. The modern industrial and commercial world has been built up by the "men who have risen."

Why, then, should the workingman with brains and gifts throw them away on the acquisition of a "higher education" which leaves him just a common artisan? The answer is twofold. In the first place we may point out that wealth does not always enrich, nor poverty always impoverish, life. Men frequently labor for that which is not bread. Many a workingman with a fine capacity for a higher life has vulgarized himself into a successful engineer or business man at the cost of the loss of his finer nature.

In those cases where one has a choice between a career of worldly success and a life devoted to the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake—or rather for the sake of the soul—it is not always wise to choose the former. But, further, the great majority of intelligent and thoughtful workingmen have to make no such choice. They do not deliberately set themselves to the task of "getting on."

They perform their day's work but they cannot live wholly therein. They do take some interest in the life of thought; they discuss those perennial themes, religion, politics, art, society, love. They do read, but often without aim. They think, but without method. They feel themselves oppressed and confined by the narrow limits of their material life. They are absorbed by petty cares; the sphere for the exercise of their powers is on so small a scale. Their labor itself, in these days of mechanical tasks, affords no outlet for the expression of their life and character.

The only true deliverance from such bondage must come through the enlargement of the life within. After all, the materials for a great work of art, whether a picture or a life, matter little in comparison with the skill employed. Only the higher education can bring that wider vision and enlarged interest which lift such lives on to a noble plane. Such education is already accessible to thousands in our large cities. The means are at hand and even the leisure in many cases is not wanting.

In the pursuit of such an object we have not to wait long for our reward. It comes with every step in advance. Our reward is granted even as we turn each page of our Shakespeare, or Plato, or Dante. The "wages of going on" are not, indeed, the only wages we receive, but they are sufficient if we had no others.

The day is long past when the workman existed for his work alone. His life and character must be moulded by other influences. If he wishes to enter more fully into the greater life of our century, the only avenue is through the higher education.

Joseph Owen

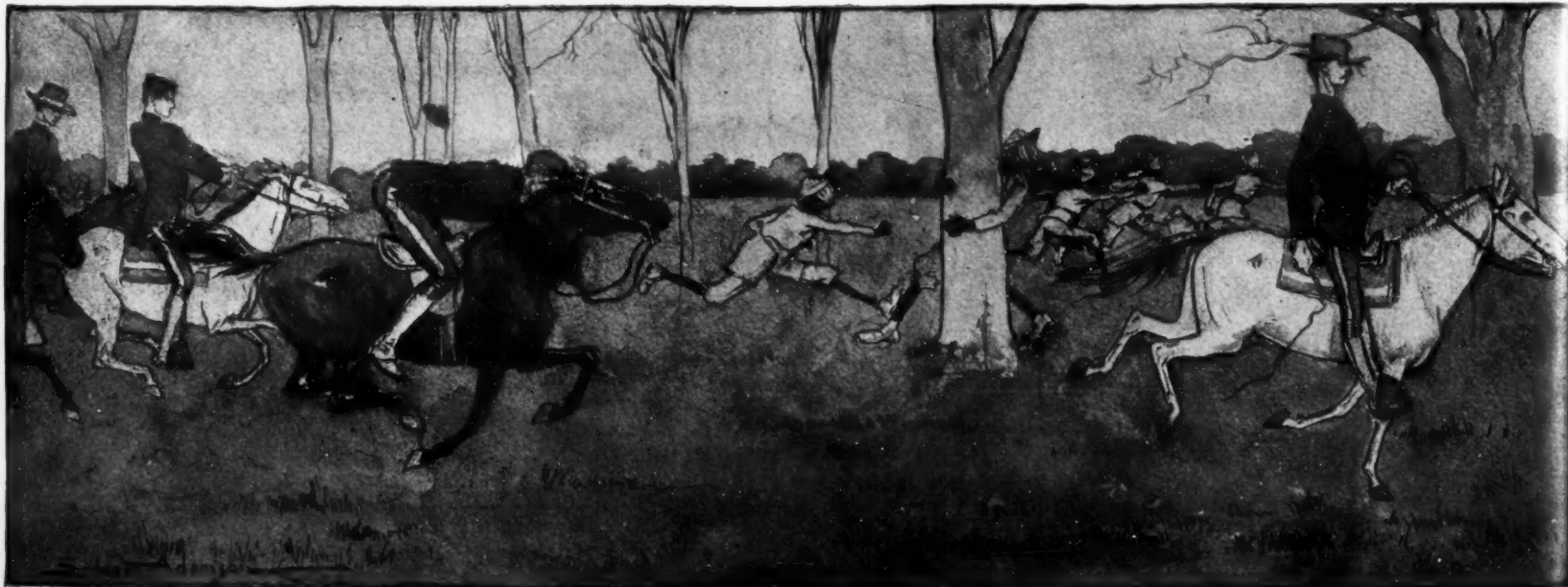
When the Summer Boarders Come.

SINCE the weather's growin' warmer an' the breezes from the south are soft an' dry, forerunners of a six-weeks' spell o' drouth, an' the grass is gettin' acrimpy in the meadows where the cows hev through the weeks o' spring-time been contented fer t' browse, I can see that swift approachin' is the season given o'er t' entertainin' folks who'll leave the city's hum an' roar t' rusticat a while; an', viewin' everything, I yum, The place will look invitin' when the summer boarders come.

I've had boys ketchin' minnows clean from Puketown, an' beyond, A-bringin' o' 'em to me fer to stock the fishin'-pond Down yonder on the crick, an' so, betwixt jes' me an' you, There ort to be fish in there that'll weigh an ounce er two! Of course their ketches won't provide an appetizin' dish. But goodness me, that's nothin'! What they want's a place t' fish An' get a nibble, not a strike that makes a reel jes' hum. I So things'll be in ship shape when the summer boarders come.

I've noticed, too, that snakes and bugs are gettin' rather thick— Those things divert the women-folks who traipse along the crick A-pickin' ferns an' blossoms, an' I've spent at least a "ten" On loads fer my ol' musket—that'll entertain the men! I see that poison-ivy in the woods is rank an' tall— That ort t' ketch both sexes since there's plenty fer 'em all. An' so this "streuous life" they talk about afflictin' some I figure won't be found here when the summer boarders come.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.



A GYMKHANA IN PEKING—THE COMMISSARY DISTANCES THE FIELD.

The Pan-American Exposition and South American Trade.

(Special Article for Leslie's Weekly.)

THE Pan-American Exposition recently opened at Buffalo will, if it is as successful as it promises to be, prove a factor of



THE HON. FRANCIS B. LOOMIS,
UNITED STATES MINISTER
TO VENEZUELA.

deep and far-reaching value in the development and strengthening of friendly commercial and social relations between the people of the United States and those inhabiting the Latin-American republics. Aside from what the exhibition may offer as an object-lesson in art, industry, and all the manifold branches of legitimate human activity; aside from the amusement, instruction, or other gratification it may afford the spectator, the

Pan-American Exposition can scarcely fail to bring into closer touch the peoples of the New World, and this, I take it, will in the end be its most noteworthy achievement.

One cannot too urgently insist upon the importance and ever pressing necessity of drawing the people of the Latin-American republics into closer touch with us, and trying to make lucid to them the real purpose, scope, and genius of our institutions and civilization. Whatever may be wanting in sympathy and mutual helpfulness between the people of the United States and those of the republics of Central and South America comes mainly from lack of close acquaintance and from the different points of view from which life is observed and human motives and actions measured.

When we make a more general and a more serious effort to understand, in a broad-minded and kindly way, the character, customs, methods, and manners of the Latin-Americans, we may, perhaps, modify many of our firmly-rooted, preconceived notions and take a juster, if not more charitable, view of the racial traits of these people. On the other hand, closer acquaintance and communication with the people of the United States cannot fail to be of advantage to the Latin-Americans. Many of them now seem to have certain objections to the Anglo-Saxon and some of his methods, but it is needless to say that much of this feeling arises from an imperfect understanding of the people and institutions of this country.

We each have something to learn from the other. The Latin-American may often give the North American lessons in ceremonial manners, courtesy, in the value and use of repose, in contentment, and in modesty of bearing. The Latin-American, if he be fair-minded and open to the reception of fresh impressions, must admit that the intelligent, well-meaning people of the United States and Canada have qualities the acquisition of which may well incite his most earnest and continuous endeavor. General and accurate knowledge concerning the real position, achievements and power of the United States is not so widespread in the New World as many people in this country suppose. There are a great many seemingly intelligent foreigners to whom the United States is only an American republic, larger and richer than other American republics.

The salient points of difference seem not accurately to be grasped by the minds of even many Europeans of the more fortunate class. To them an American republic is an American republic and nothing more. Some of these republics may have larger superficial area, denser population, greater natural resources, and more fertile soil than others, but there the process of differentiation apparently ends. It is my confident belief and hope that one result of the Pan-American Exposition will be to banish forever these misleading notions. The Chicago exposition served a great and useful purpose, but it was not very largely attended by Latin-Americans. The Pan-American Exposition appeals more directly to them, and its scope, if one may so say, has been wisely limited to that end.

No pains should be spared to secure a large attendance at Buffalo from the Latin-American countries, nor should efforts be spared to give cordial greeting and comfortable entertainment to the visitor from the South. The Pan-American Exposition affords a rare and invaluable opportunity to the thoughtful people of this country who have an honest, intelligent interest in improving our relations with Latin-America and increasing our trade with it. No Latin-American visitor should be permitted to go away without a truer and better understanding of our people, their institutions, and their resources. A warm friend should be made of every Latin-American who visits Buffalo. He should go back to his country and his people bearing a message instinct with a sense of the capacity, power, good-will, and good faith of the people of the United States. He should see us at our best, and remember us at our best. He should depart with the conviction that if we are great we are also just, courteous, and fairly good, and that the marvelous activities of the country are not confined to the pursuit of material prosperity.

So far as I have been able to learn, the Pan-American Exposition is viewed with friendly and growing interest by the intelligent people of Latin-America. If I am correctly informed, all of the Latin-American republics, save one, is now represented at the exposition. Many South Americans have, in my hearing, expressed an earnest desire to attend the Pan-American Exposition. It appears to be well advertised, and is fortunate in having as its director a man who has lived among the Latin-Americans, and who is in close and pleasant touch with them.

It seems to me that the practical question which must seriously engage the attention of the managers of the exposition is the securing of ample transportation facilities at very low rates for the Latin-Americans who may wish to visit the exposition. The good results which may confidently be expected to flow directly from the Pan-American Exposition will be re-enforced, amplified, and systematized, without doubt, by the work of the Pan-American Congress which will convene in the City of Mexico in October next. President McKinley has appointed a very able and excellent commissioner to represent the United States

at this important conference, and much is naturally expected from it.

Francis B. Loomis.

Christian Science—A Reply to Bishop Doane.

"Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give."—MATT. X., 8.

NEW YORK, May 31st, 1901.

To the Editor of Leslie's Weekly.—Dear Sir:—Your issue of June 1st contains an article contributed by Bishop Doane, of Albany, in which many serious misconstructions are placed upon Christian Science. The bishop has the best wishes of all Christian Scientists in his work, many of them, indeed, having formerly been members of the Episcopal Church. They only regret that he should so evidently misconceive what Christian Science really is. It is hardly fair, for example, for him to say that their faith "magnifies the importance of bodily ailments," when, as a matter of fact, Christian Scientists are known to minimize bodily ailments by spiritual understanding. Nor does Christian Science provide a new bible. If the bishop implies that their text-book, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker G. Eddy, is viewed by them as a bible, let me call his attention to the title, which disproves his suspicion: It is a "Key to the Scriptures." In the Christian Science churches the text-book is always read *after* the Bible in correlative passages and as a commentary. Moreover, the first tenet of the Christian Science Church reads: "As adherents of Truth, we take the Scriptures for our guide to eternal Life."

Instead of casting "contempt upon prayer," Christian Science magnifies its importance by teaching Christian Scientists how to pray constantly. It would warm the bishop's heart to talk with the thousands of former infidels and agnostics who have learned to pray through Christian Science. In this connection let me recall to the attention of the bishop an utterance of the Rev. E. Winchester Donald, rector of Trinity Church in Boston, successor of Phillips Brooks in that parish. At the Episcopal Congress, held in Providence last November, he said: "Is Christian Science leading men out of the darkness of unbelief into the light of God? Yes, it is, it is; there can be no doubt about that. You and I know too many Christian Scientists whose lives are blameless to doubt that."

The attitude of Christian Scientists toward the discoverer and founder of Christian Science is one of fervent love and gratitude; the same in quality as the love and gratitude which the bishop must receive from those whom his ministrations have benefited. If he had been the means of restoring to physical, as well as spiritual, health many hundreds of thousands of men and women, the quantity of love and gratitude which he would receive would be as great as that now accorded to Mrs. Eddy. It is ridiculous to speak of her as "a living idol," and outrageous to accuse Christian Scientists of blasphemy for giving thanks where thanks are due.

The burden of proof evidently lies with the bishop, when he makes the statement that "the gist and kernel of this whole matter is of the earth earthy, material, physical, carnal," for Christian Science expressly teaches all these concepts to be false concepts of the human mind. The scientific statement of being is a sufficient refutation of any materialistic belief: "There is no life, truth, intelligence, or substance in matter. All is infinite Mind, and its infinite manifestation, for God is all in all. Spirit is immortal Truth; matter is mortal error. Spirit is the real and eternal; matter is the unreal and temporal. Spirit is God, and man is His image and likeness; hence, man is spiritual and not material." ("Science and Health," page 464.)

Christian Science is not mainly concerned with the healing of disease, but this result of its work is apt to attract public attention, and is, after all, as the bishop must know, only a part of Christianity which had been allowed to become obsolete. It does not become me to print out the bishop's duty to him; nevertheless the fact remains that if he were following all of Christ's injunctions, he would be healing the physically sick as well as ministering to the spiritual wants of those who come to him for help. Christian Science is not vague nor difficult to understand, for those who approach it in a sincere spirit; but it must be spiritually apprehended. It is Christian, because it explains to this age the life and work of Christ; and it is scientific, because it produces definite, demonstrable results.

The question of a personal God can only be settled by a careful definition of the word "personal." If by a personal God the bishop means a being with form and outline, an anthropomorphic God, then Christian Scientists must reject such a definition, for God is an Infinite Being, and cannot be limited. But if the term "personal God" means an Infinite Being, omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient, then the bishop may rest assured that Christian Scientists believe in a personal God. Many passages in the Bible which formerly remained obscure are now illumined to them by the light of a new understanding. The doctrine of the Incarnation can be explained in Christian Science, and Christian Scientists are firm believers in it. All Christendom is destined to gain by the stand in behalf of spiritual and physical health which Christian Scientists are taking in this hour. Yours truly,

W. D. McCrackan,
Christian Science Publication Committee.

In the Government's Employ.

To run a great government successfully, the highest efficiency in the employés, from the President down to the Senate pages, is a necessary concomitant. The work of establishing the different departments upon the merit or civil-service system is the practical recognition of this simple business proposition. The spoils system has gradually yielded to the civil-service method of appointment in thousands of important positions. In the army and navy merit counts more than political influence, except in some of the higher offices, where favoritism can be shown by either the President or Congress. But outside of the army and navy there are some 200,000 men and women working under the government. Of this number almost half (more than 80,000) come under the civil-service law, and the appointments are made according to merit, fitness, and ability. A large majority of the balance of the positions, not amenable to the civil-service rules, are those filled by second- and third-rate postmasters.

The government is a kind master to work for, a fairly good one to pay for services, and benevolent beyond the expectations of most private concerns in looking after its employés when sick or incapacitated by old age. Pensions and retiring salaries are common expenses which the government is loaded

down with. This paternal sort of interest in the welfare of those who give their daily services to the government makes positions eagerly sought after, especially those which are peculiarly desirable from a social or financial point of view.

But working for the government is much like other employments: the good positions are difficult to get. Indeed, there are between 45,000 and 50,000 applicants for civil-service examination on the average every year to 30,000 who actually pass; and out of this list only between 7,000 and 8,000 receive appointments. In other words, there are nearly seven applicants to every position, and about four or five eligible ones to every office open for appointment. This demand for the positions shows that the government is not an unpopular employment agency, and that there are plenty who are willing to serve Uncle Sam in whatever capacity he assigns them.

Not only men, but women, and even boys, are appointed to positions under the government. Formerly there was a decided prejudice against women employés in the government's service, but to-day there are upward of 2,000 women in the Washington departments, not including the army and navy. These are made up chiefly of clerks, typewriters, matrons, telegraph operators, stenographers, translators, nurses, teachers, and book-binders. The average ratio of women and men employed by the government under the civil-service rules is about one to six. A few positions are open to boys as young as fourteen.

The salaries of employés begin at \$500 per year. That is the lowest paid; but the salary usually paid to beginners in Washington is about \$900. From this they run up into the thousands according to the responsibilities of the position and the duties demanded of the incumbent. All sorts and kinds of trades and professions are represented by the government employés. There are positions for skilled and unskilled labor; for experts in every department of science and industry; and for the highest-educated men and women that the country can produce. The man with the technical training can find places under the government where his highest skill and knowledge may show to the best advantage, although the highest commercial rates may not be paid for them.

While the government pays beginners well, and has an average wage-scale above that of almost any private business concern, it does not compete with private corporations in the higher grades of work. The man of extraordinary merit or accomplishments would not seek a government position for the highest financial rewards. The highest position under the government is not more remunerative than that of many private ones, and plenty of business men make two or three times as much as the President's salary. Yet without the government securing the very best executive, business, and professional talent. Men of the highest ability do not hesitate to yield their best to the government, receiving in part payment therefor the honor and glory attached to the work, and a fine consciousness of having served the country's cause.

The ordinary positions which require little skilled labor to fill are always the ones the most crowded and, in a sense, the most difficult to secure. There are scores clamoring for each such position. As we go up the grade the demand is less because the list of eligibles is smaller. By the time we reach the technical positions, where special talent or education of a rare order is required, the government frequently has to seek the man instead of the latter the government position. Men of scientific training and specialty are needed in the different departments, and to fill the positions thus created with the right sort of men it is necessary to hunt up the men in all parts of the country.

From one point of view it does not pay to accept a government position. The clerk who takes a position is apt to fall into a rut and monotonous routine out of which he can never lift himself, and he is fitted for nothing else in life. It hardly pays him. On the other hand, the man of science who works for the government has better facilities for pursuing his investigations, and his results are given to the world through government channels, which makes him a benefactor to the whole world. A good deal depends upon the point of view and the ambition one has in life.

GEORGE E. WALSH.

Why "Leslie's" Leads.

(From the Danville [N. Y.] Advertiser.)

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.—This leading illustrated weekly newspaper is steadily growing in value and popularity. It is quick and sure in selecting themes of dominant interest and lending its skill and genius to portraying the same for the enlightenment and guidance of the public. A recent illustration was its Pan-American souvenir, which included the best and most complete letter-press and picture history of the great Pan-American Exposition that has yet been published. LESLIE'S leads.

Sub-Tropical Rambles.

THE AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCES.

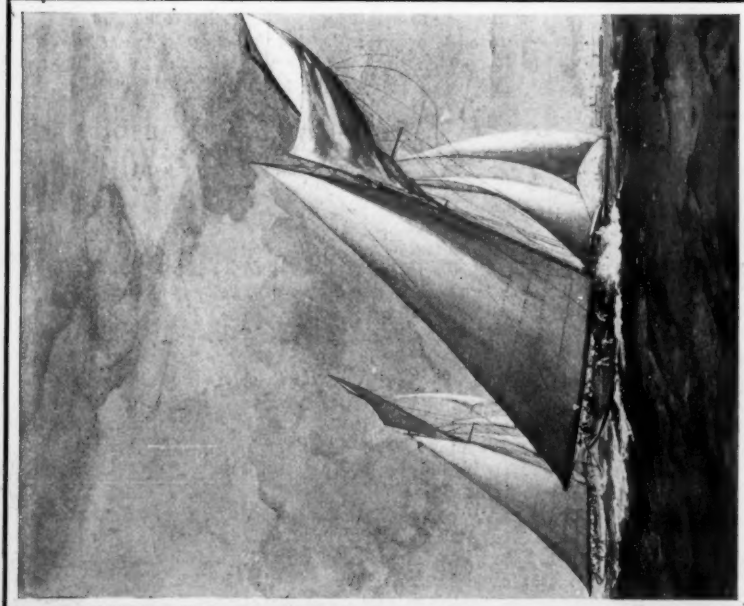
UNITED STATES CONSUL PIKE, of Port Louis, Mauritius, has written a charming book upon this gem of the ocean, the home of Paul and Virginia.

Colonel Pike, whose New York address is 43 Exchange Place, had a curious experience with coffee, and the beverage almost destroyed his eyesight.

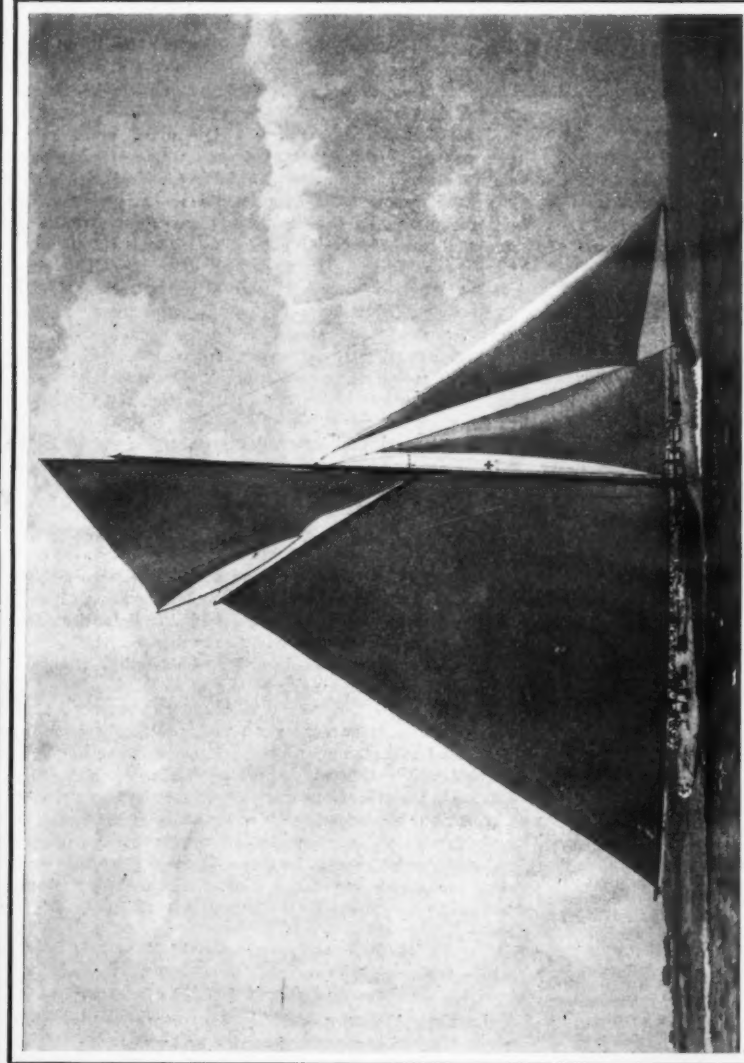
He says, "Speaking of coffee, my first warning against its use was insomnia, followed by depression and despondency. The nervous system was in such a condition that I could not attend to business, and to my distress I discovered that my eyesight was becoming more and more imperfect every day. From my knowledge of the symptoms of coffee poisoning I concluded to leave off the coffee and take up Postum Food Coffee in its place."

"The results were astonishing. Gradually my eyesight recovered, and the nervous condition and depressed feeling disappeared. I have now been using Postum in place of coffee for several years and am in perfect health."

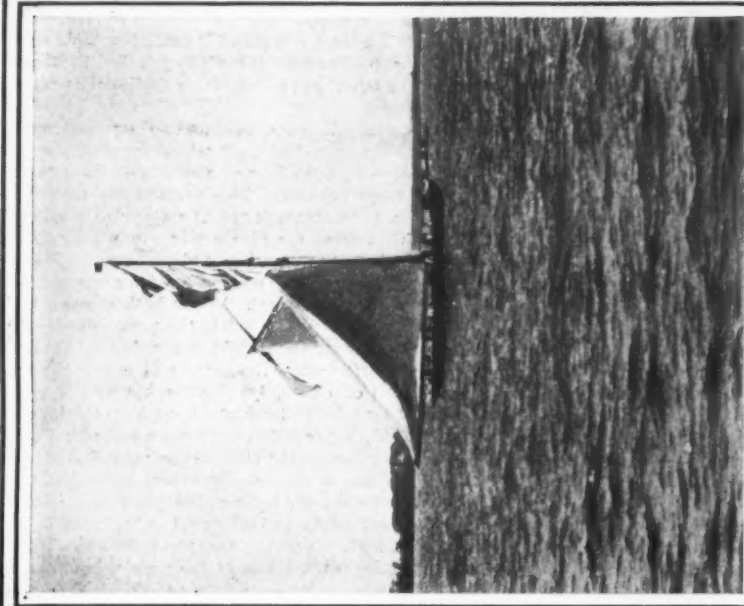
"My family of six persons discarded coffee some time ago and use Postum. I would not be without it. It is a most valuable addition to the breakfast-table and should be in every household."



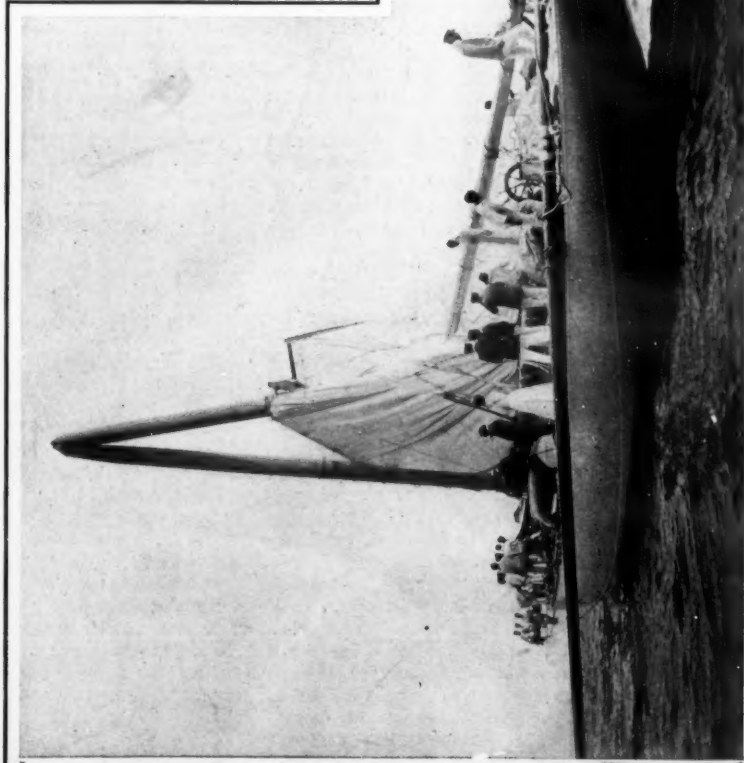
THE ACCIDENT, IN 1860, TO "SHAMROCK I." WHICH GAVE THE INTERNATIONAL RACE TO THE "COLUMBIA."
Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.



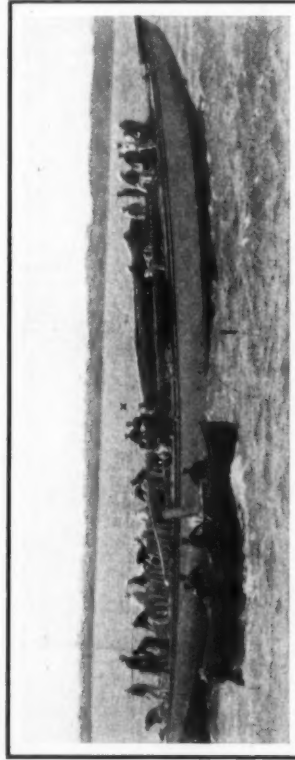
JUST PRIOR TO THE ACCIDENT ON THE "CONSTITUTION"—HER NO. 2 CLUB-TOPSAIL SET FOR THE FIRST TIME, JUST BEFORE THE MAST WAS CARRIED AWAY, AT "X."—*Photograph, Copyright 1901, by F. H. Child, Newport.*



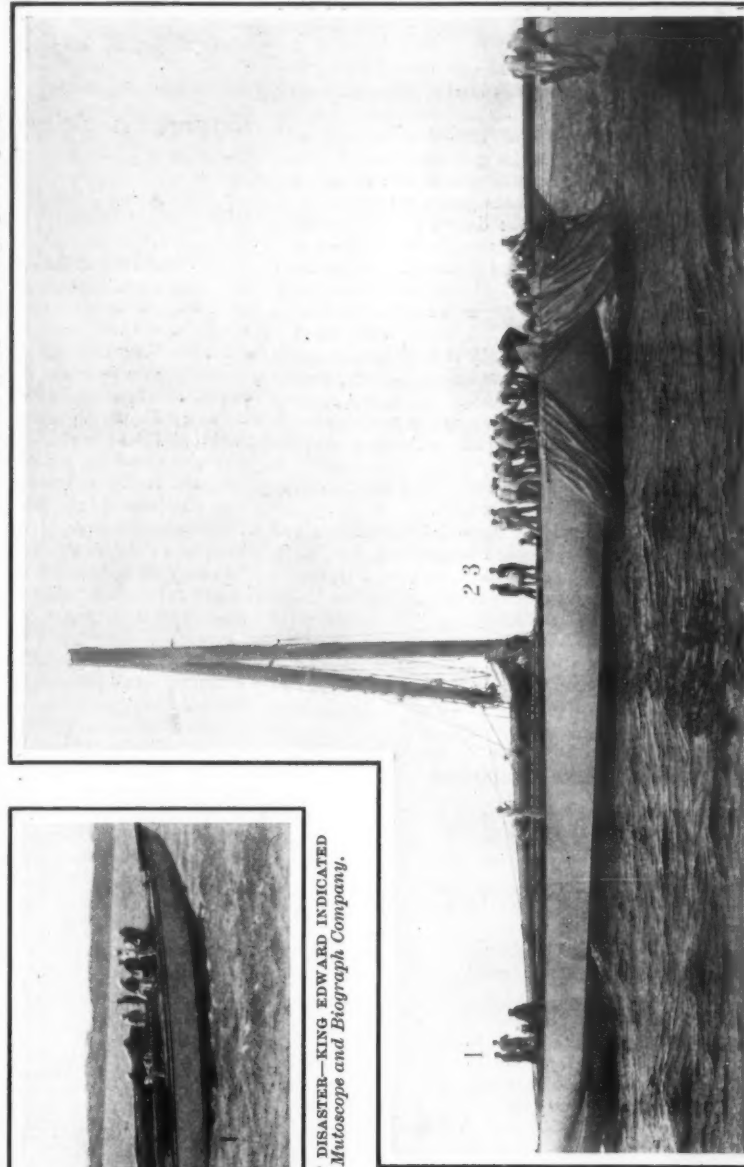
THE ACCIDENT TO THE "SHAMROCK II." WHILE THE KING WAS ABOARD—THE "JACKYARD TOPSAIL" FALLS, CAUSING THE BREAKING OF THE MAST.—*Photograph by the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company.*



THE "COLUMBIA," AFTER HER ACCIDENT IN JULY, 1860, THE FIRST TIME A STEEL MAST "BUCKLED."—*Photograph, Copyright 1860, by F. H. Child, Newport.*



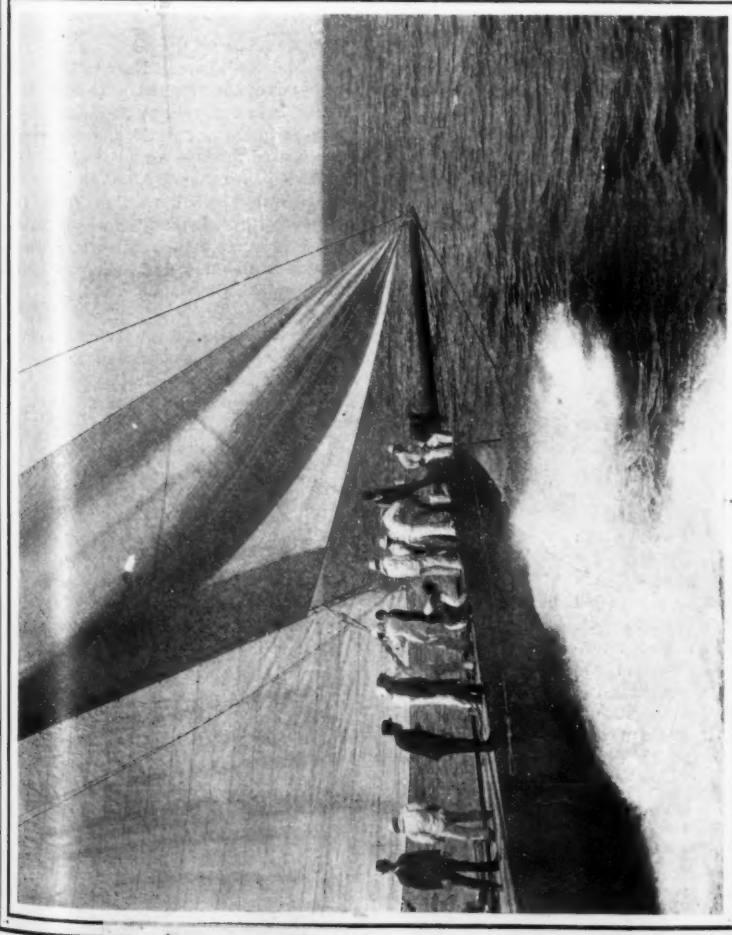
THE "SHAMROCK II." AFTER THE RECENT DISASTER—KING EDWARD INDICATED BY AN "X."—*Photograph by American Mutoscope and Biograph Company.*



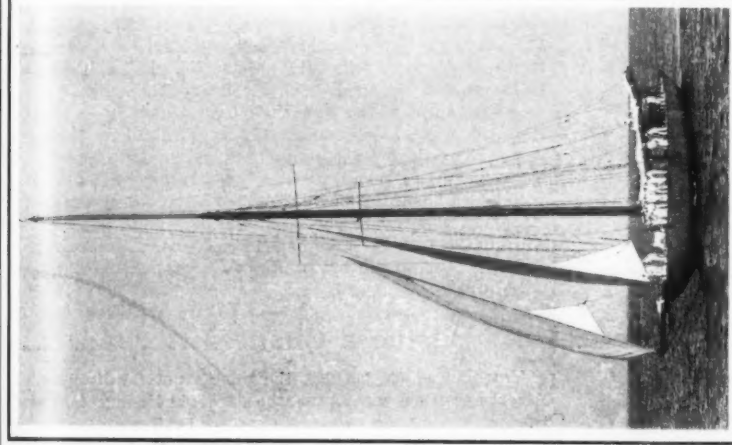
1. Captain Rhodes, at the wheel. 2. "Nat" Herrshoff, the designer. 3. William Butler Duncan, Jr., managing owner. AFTER THE ACCIDENT—THE "CONSTITUTION'S" "BUCKLED" MAST—HER CREW RECOVERING HER SAILS AND TOP HAMPER.

AN UNFORESEEN DANGER IN MODERN YACHT EQUIPMENT.

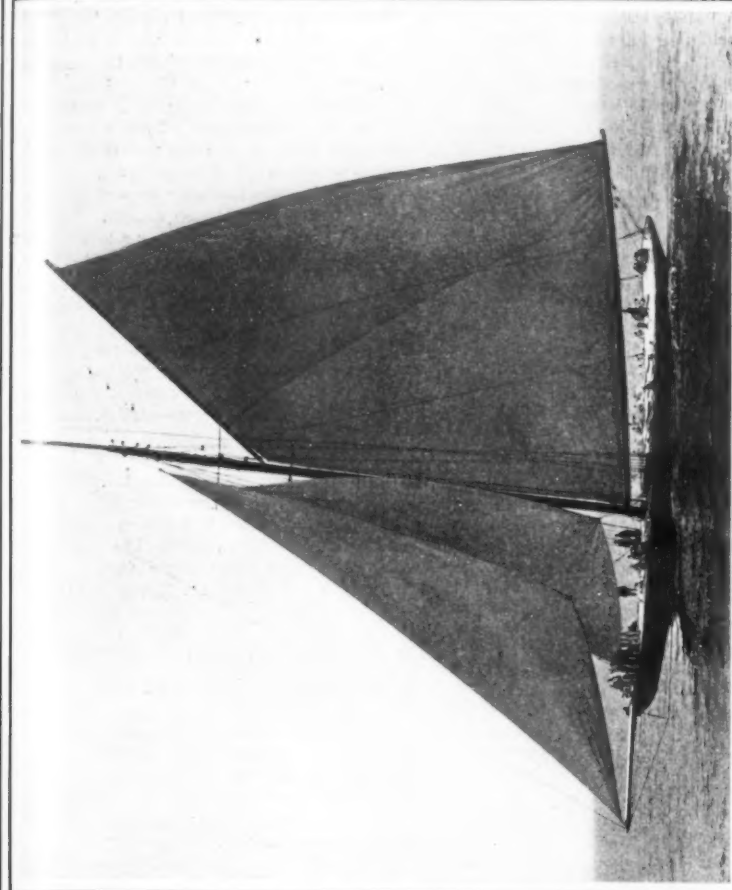
THE "COLUMBIA," AFTER HER ACCIDENT IN JULY, 1893. THE FIRST TIME A STEEL MAST "BUCKLED."—*Photograph, Copyright 1896, by F. H. Child, Newport.*



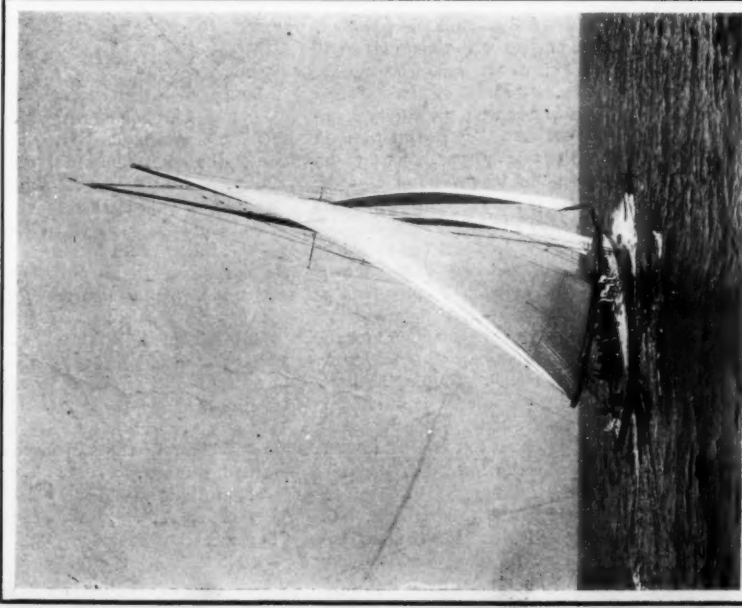
THE CREW RUNNING OUT THE BOWSPRIT.



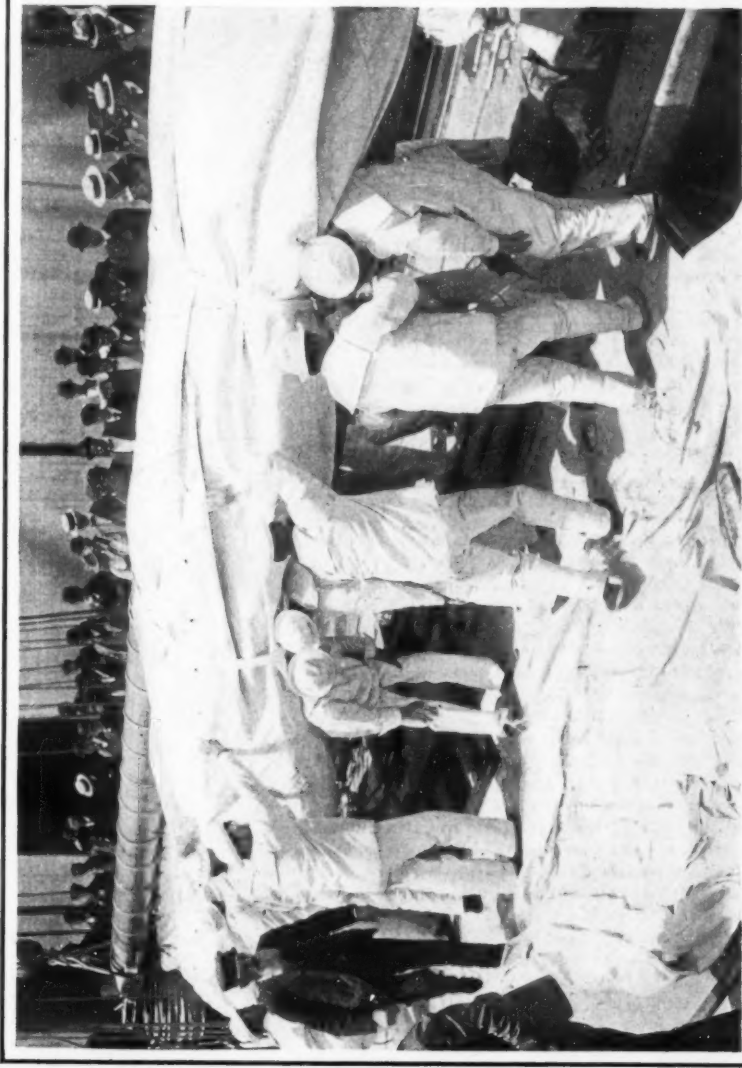
THE "INDEPENDENCE," WITH FORESAIIS SET, COMING ABOUT IN TOW, BEFORE HER MAINSAIL WAS HOISTED.



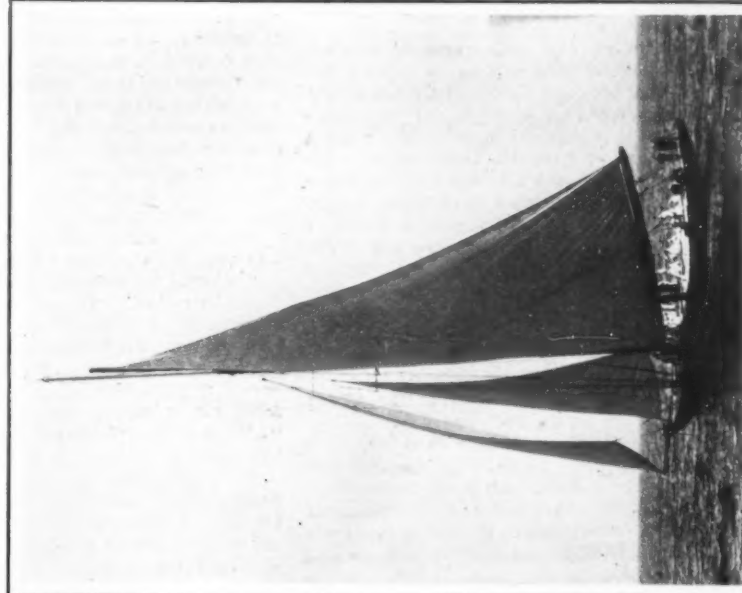
ON THE STARBOARD TACK, WITH HER LOWER SAILS SET, SHOWING HER ABNORMAL FORWARD OVERHANG.



POINTING ON THE PORT TACK.



CREW FURLING THE ENORMOUS MAINSAIL—CAPTAIN RAFF, IN BLACK, COMING AFT.



REACHING ON THE STARBOARD TACK.

TRYING OUT THE "INDEPENDENCE," LAWSON'S INTENDED CUP-DEFENDER.

PRELIMINARY SPIN OF THE BOSTON YACHT, WHICH WAS BUILT TO COMPETE WITH THE "CONSTITUTION" FOR THE HONOR OF DEFENDING THE AMERICA'S CUP.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. E. MARR, BOSTON.

How Harvard Crews Are Selected and Trained.

At Harvard this year the "club rowing system," so-called, which originated here several years ago, will be given a rib-racking test. At the beginning of the season but two of last year's defeated 'varsity were back at work, and the coaches were confronted with the problem of whipping into shape a green crew. More than this, under the above-named "club system," no attempt is made to pick a 'varsity until in May—or until Yale has had her 'varsity boated for over two months. Instead of beginning work with a 'varsity, work is begun by calling out the Weld and Newell club class crews about February 15th. These ten crews, four from each club, with two law-school crews, begin work with from two to ten men for every seat. They row for fifteen minutes on the new tank or rowing-machines, with some chest weights and "Sandow exercises," topping off with a hard run for the day's work. This goes on until the ice is out of the river, early in March. Then all the men who have clearly shown that they are useless are "fired," and the crews begin hard rowing for the dual class races.

The "Silvery Charles" is then dotted with crews, often twenty-five eight-oared shells are out, training desperately and being constantly coached by the two club professionals—Vail, of the Newell, formerly of the Vesper Club, of Philadelphia, and "Pat" Donovan, of the Weld. The winners of these dual races get the right to wear on their caps and sweaters the coveted class "numerals," so dear to a college man's heart. Thus it happens that the rivalry is so keen, and every man in college with a spark of row in him is given a chance to show what he can do. Within a few days of the dual races come the class races to decide the class championship. After five days of much-needed rest two crews are formed at each club from the pick of all the men who rowed. As it thus narrows, the interest grows more intense and the men fight harder for their seats, the coaches threaten, urge, and exhort, the coxswains scream and coax incessantly. "You're better together than the other crew—if you don't trim 'em, it's a case of not want to row hard, as sure as you're born!" "Pat" Donovan will tell his crew at the Weld, while Vail is telling his crew the same thing at the Newell.

When the four crews line up to race each man realizes, with fast-beating heart, that the 'varsity coach is watching him from the bow of the launch, and on his form and the size of his puddle, as well as the showing of his crew, depend his chances for the 'varsity. The two professional coaches, too, know that on the way the crews, over which they have worked so hard, go to the finish depends their reputation and livelihood. The next day there appears in the *Crimson* the list of the fortunate twenty who have been "retained" for the 'varsity. The rest are urged to continue rowing at their clubs, and races, cups, and insignia are provided for them in the hope of "next year."

This system, though it does not form a 'varsity squad even until Yale has been rowing together over a month, yet insures that every man will be given a chance and the very best men secured. Take Brownell, '02, for instance; he is a little fellow with high forehead and drooping shoulders, and hardly a man you would pick for an oarsman. Under the old system he would never have been given a show; under the new, after being "fired" from the freshman squad, he never gave up, but went on rowing at the Weld with the result that his crew, which was fourth in order of selection, beat out the first, breaking the record for the course. He was then taken back to stroke the freshman crew, and not only beat Yale, but clipped nine seconds off the New London record. He is not only a smooth, strong oar, but is a born fighter, and drives his crew with a rhythm that either lands them winners or drops them exhausted in the boat. "That man Brownell," said a brawny 180-pound oarsman, who got out of the boat dripping with perspiration, "I'd rather be cut with a whip than have him driving me." He has kept every one guessing this year, and may stroke the 'varsity after all.

First of all, Harvard's stroke is not English. It is more like the stroke "Pat" Donovan taught the Weld senior when they beat the Pennsylvania crew, coached by Ellis Ward, two lengths in a mile and a half. Two of the same men rowed the same stroke in the '99 'varsity that beat Yale six lengths. All the slide or leg-drive possible is used, the short men being put nearer the "stretchers," or foot-braces, than the tall men. The catch is made with the back and legs together; it is heaved through with one pull parallel to the keel of the boat, and is finished with back, arms, and legs together. In short, then, it is a succession of lifts, the "lift" being parallel with the surface of the water, and every muscle in the body is used in one simultaneous effort. There is no extreme body swing or jerk with the shoulders at the catch or short kick with the legs at the end of the stroke. "That's English, don't you know." "Finish it strong," is a by-word in Harvard rowing. The hands are pulled in hard until they touch the body, though not until they rub off the skin and cause the blood to run down the side as was sometimes the case in Mr. Lehman's crew. Then the body is flung out after the hands, while the knees are kept pressed down hard; this is to let the boat run between strokes. To try the effectiveness of it just sit upright in a chair with your legs stiff and your toes caught under the steam-pipes or desk, and then throw yourself quickly forward, bending at the hips only and keeping the legs stiff. You will see how this "pulling yourself up with your toes" can push the boat ahead while you are coming up for the next stroke. Harvard will use an American shell this year, built by Davy on the victorious 1899 model. The English boat, built by an English boat-builder who came over for that purpose, will, in all probability, seat the freshmen. The American boats, some critics say, are not only lighter, but are just as stiff, for they have trussed keels and gunwales instead of the solid English ones.

Mr. E. C. Storrow will coach this year as usual. H. Bancroft, the old Weld man, who rowed No. 6 for the last two years, may stroke. He is a big man for the place, weighing over 180, but he puts lots of life in his stroke for all of that. Ayer, '03, is at No. 7. Captain Bullard is in at No. 6, in Bancroft's old place, and J. Lawrence, of foot-ball fame, is in his old seat at No. 5, in place of Ladd, who cannot row this year.

Shrubruck, Emory, Guy Bancroft, and Goodell are four juniors who fill the bow four seats in order.

At training-table the men under Captain Bullard's watchful eyes do about as they please. "Oh," said a 'varsity oarsman, in answer to my inquiries, "for breakfast we have chops and eggs dropped on toast, with once in a while fish and either strawberries and cream or oranges. At lunch they give us soup, with steak or roast or chicken. Dinner is the big meal, though often we are too tired to eat very much then. Vegetables? Yes, asparagus, tomatoes, potatoes, onions, or something of the like with the roast beef, and soup. Pudding and ice-cream, with a little ale or claret. Prunes twice a day until we kicked," he added, with a laugh.

"What would be said if you ate five plates of strawberry ice cream, the way I saw a man do at Memorial?" I asked.

"Whew!—the manager would raise thunder with you for that," he replied. "We are supposed to go to bed at ten, though nothing is said," he continued; "but if you wanted to go to the theatre it would be all right."

The 'varsity oarsmen do not like to have their pictures taken; in fact, they are more coy than a Boston maiden. "One man down at New London," said Shrubruck, who is rowing at No. 4, "did everything, almost got down on his knees, to get us to let him take our pictures, but it was no use." When a man does pose, however, his modesty will not let him look unconcerned. In short, then, we find that the elective system that Harvard has adopted in her curriculum pervades the rowing system too, and with the effect that the keen competition keeps every one working at the top notch. The club system makes rowing an exercise open to all the college and brings out the best men for the 'varsity, besides breaking up the long period of training with a lot of exciting races. With a green crew and last year's defeat these systems will get a thorough testing this year.

JULIAN BURROUGHS.

"How Tildy Smith Can Play."

SAY, p'rhaps you've heard of Tildy Smith,
The belle of far and near;
The lady I've been goin' with
For nigh on seven year.
It wa'n't her beauty won her fame,
It wa'n't her winnin' way;
Planner music made her name.
You ought to hear her play.

Of course she ain't no Rubystine,
She's simply Til, you see;
But I'd put up that colt o' mine
She's nigh as good as he.
She's got no Paderewski frills,
Her fingers ain't so fleet;
But, land! there's jest one tune o' Til's
That simply can't be beat.

Why, when she sets before the grand
An' tosses back her hair,
You'd think that Sousa's famous band,
Instid o' Til was there.
She starts the tune out kind o' slow,
To sort o' clear the track,
An' then before you really know,
She rips it up the back.

She'll make you think the soldier men
Are marchin' past the place;
She'll hev you up behind ole Ben
An' nearly get the race.
She'll make you think you're mighty glad
You're livin'; by and by
She'll git you feelin' fearful sad,
An' then you'll want to die.

An' next she feeds the birds a while—
You almost see 'em round;
An' when you're jest about to smile
She quits 'em with a bound.
An' then the air gets full o' dust,
The house begins to jump,
An' when you're jest about to bust
She lands you with a bump.

An' when she quits an' makes her bow
Before the yellin' crowd,
That ole planner, yes, I vow,
Is sort o' lookin' proud.
You say you never heard o' Til?
That's queer I'm bound to say.
Well, when you come to Stubbleville
Drop 'round an' hear her play.

BIDE DUDLEY.

The Delicate Naval Chronometer.

THE most delicate instrument of the United States government is the chronometer in use on ships of the navy. There are two depots where the chronometers are tested, and the work is one of the most important carried on under the department. The Naval Observatory in Washington is the general depot for all chronometers supplied to naval ships on the Atlantic coast. The other depot is at Mare Island, California, supplying the vessels in the Pacific. Four chronometers are supplied ordinary cruising ships. Small coastwise vessels and tugs are supplied with a less number, some of them having only one instrument. Surveying vessels engaged in fixing longitude in unusual localities are frequently equipped with more instruments than are allotted to cruisers. The experts are constantly making improvements in the chronometers as a result of the continual examination and tests. The importance of the work may be judged by the fact that the art of navigation is said to have been revolutionized by the changes made in chronometers during the past half-century.

The transportation of chronometers is an important matter. They cannot be shipped by express or sent through the mails. They must be carried by hand, and the travel of officers engaged in the work is an important item in the expense of equipping the navy with the instruments. Efforts have repeatedly been made to find an economical means of transporting the instruments. The express companies refuse to guarantee against injury, and the only means of transportation available is that of

transporting them by hand. This is the method all over the world, and there is no article on board a naval vessel that receives the care and attention bestowed upon chronometers. The winding of the instrument is considered of enough importance to report the fact to the commanding officer, who, if he does not receive the periodical report, is bound to ask whether the chronometers have been wound.

The testing of the instrument at the Naval Observatory at Washington is carried on at some expense. There is a temperature room where the uniformity of the thermometrical readings is preserved by devices which exclude the outside air. The walls are specially constructed of extra thickness, packed with saw-dust. The one window has four thicknesses of sash. The room is heated by a circulation of hot water. When a low temperature is wanted the room is cooled by air forced from the refrigerator room above. The lowest temperature possible is about forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. There are instruments used for testing the moisture in the air, and ingenious appliances for making thorough examinations. The chronometers are compared daily, and the errors and rates are worked up every seventh day. Comparisons are made to the merest quarter of a second by means of an electric sounder connected with a mean-time clock.

The safety of a ship and the lives of all on board depend more upon the reliability of the chronometer than upon any other instrument. The accurate chronometer must have a record, that is, its rate must be carefully determined, and its other characteristics should be fully known. It is a nicely adjusted instrument of great value to the government.

JOHN EDWARD JENKS.

A New Departure in Stamps.

In both design and execution the Pan-American series of postage-stamps issued by the government in honor of the great exposition at Buffalo has accomplished a new and striking departure from the farthest advance of art in this direction. These new stamps—in six different denominations, ranging from one cent to ten cents—are engraved on steel, and each is printed in two colors, the result producing the effect of a framed picture. The design on each of these stamps is generally described as "an aid to commerce," and, broadly speaking, the series represents the highest development in modern appliances of American transportation. These include superb illustrations of the luxurious express trains in service on our great railways, the splendid steamships which cruise the great lakes and the oceans, the achievements of modern bridge building at Niagara Falls, the locks of the canal at Sault Ste. Marie, and, of course, the inevitable and irrepressible automobile. It is a singular coincidence, and one upon which Mr. George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, has received innumerable congratulations, that every scene and every vehicle pictured in these Pan-American stamps has some direct relation to the great transportation system with which he is identified. The most striking instance of this is the fact that the two-cent Pan-American stamp is embellished with an engraving of the famous Empire State Express, taken from a photograph of that train when it was running sixty-four miles an hour.

Business Chances Abroad.

THE indications are that the time is not far distant when American cottons will capture the market in Madagascar again. Such, at least, is the opinion of our consul at Tamatave. It appears that American cottons may be imported and sold cheaper in Madagascar than French cottons, which have held the market for some years, and this despite the heavy duties imposed on the American goods.

All retail sale of drugs and medicines in Norway is a monopoly and entirely in the hands of the druggists. Patent medicines are also, to a considerable extent, sold by them, although generally on a doctor's prescription only. Of late, however, quite large quantities of prepared medicines and so-called patent remedies are also imported into Norway, and the American consul at Christiania says that he believes that American druggists and manufacturers, with their many excellent remedies to offer, should be able to increase their sales, which are confined to a very few articles which now find their way there through British jobbers.

That a good opening exists in France for the American lumber trade is the testimony of several of our consuls in that country. Consul Skinner, writing from Marseilles, says that a scarcity of walnut for the manufacture of furniture has been reported to him by several dealers in that city, who express a wish to get in touch with American firms able to supply both light and dark colored timber of that kind. The buyers desire, it is said, a timber that is handsomely veined and free from blemishes. In concluding his report on this subject, Consul Skinner says that the growing tendency of the American people to establish themselves abroad and cut off commissions and to operate directly is one that cannot be too strongly encouraged, "and I know of no branch of our business in which efforts along these lines would be more appropriate than in our lumber trade."

Unprecedented as our export trade was last year, all the indications point to a much higher record for 1901. It is believed that the total value of our exports for the current fiscal year will exceed a billion and a half of dollars. This belief is based upon the reports of the Treasury Department for the eight months ending February 1st, 1901. The total exports during that period were \$1,015,185,374, against \$919,473,471 in the corresponding months of last year, and \$602,666,873 in eight months of the fiscal year 1896, having thus increased more than fifty per cent. in five years. The excess of exports over imports shows an even greater increase, being \$492,224,904 for the eight months ending with February, against \$364,219,897 in the same months of the preceding fiscal year. No eight-month period in the history of the American export trade shows figures approaching these.

Yacht Disasters—A Test of Steel Spars.

DISASTERS in the early trials of notable yachts have seldom been of great significance in regard to the results afterward accomplished. It is rarely if ever that they have caused injury to the hull of the vessel, which usually escapes unscathed, and on the other hand they have done good service in pointing out the danger limit before real racing began. As a result of the accident in the Solent, Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock II*, will come across the ocean a better boat. Had the accident happened to her after she had crossed the ocean, the consequences would have involved her in irretrievable defeat.

The old yachts with pine masts also had their troubles. When strong winds overstrained the frail shrouds and spars something was pretty sure to give way, and it was ten to one that the topmast would break off and deprive the boat of her topsail. This afforded the relief needed, without disabling the craft, and with lower sails all set she could scud along to port in safety. Before steel masts were introduced the cup-defenders were subject only to the ordinary mishaps of yachting. The *Vigilant*, in 1893, broke her bobstay in her preliminary races off Glen Cove, and was disabled. The *Defender* broke her steering gear while near New London on the run of the New York Yacht Club in 1895, and had to be assisted into the harbor. The *Shamrock I*, lost a race to the *Columbia* in 1899, because the former's topmast was carried away.

With the steel mast, however, a new kind of accident has come into vogue which is quite likely to be repeated from time to time unless this great hollow stick is radically strengthened. The *Columbia* was the first to have the experience of such a disaster. While racing with the *Defender* in July, 1899, and only a few miles farther off shore than the spot where the *Constitution* was crippled, one of the topmast shrouds jumped out of the starboard spreaders, which caused the topmast to break in the middle. The big pole struck the mast as it came down, and the hollow spar collapsed immediately, but broke farther down the mast than did the *Constitution's*, so that the end or head struck the *Columbia's* side a smart blow. The wind was as strong as any in which the defender of 1899 ever raced.

Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock II* was wrecked in a gale which an oversparred single-sticker could not be expected to withstand, and the result, depressing as it must have been to her owner, was only natural. It is probable that had she been rigged much more strongly something would have given away.

The accident to the *Constitution*, however, brought the value of the Herreshoff steel mast itself directly in question, and yachtsmen have been asking if it is not a mistake in naval engineering which will have to be abandoned eventually in favor of the old pine stick. The internal bracing of this mast is prevented by the telescoping topmast, which must slide down into the lower mast. If such braces should be inserted and the topmast arranged in the old way, the added weight would deprive the whole of the lightness which is its chief advantage. Herreshoff was not disheartened by the accident to the *Columbia*. He made things stronger and stiffer and she went through the cup races gloriously and won. The breaking of her mast was regarded as a national calamity at the time, and the hearts of the people sank just as Englishmen's did after the wreck of *Shamrock II*. The accident to the *Constitution*, followed so soon by the lesser mishap to the *Independence*, has taught people to take things philosophically, and be patient while the big yachts are being tuned up.

There has been no strain to any of their hulls. New masts and new rigging will put all the yachts in trim again, and in another month there will be some fine test trials, which all will rejoice to see. Nor is it probable that the steel mast will be abandoned. It is sufficient, no doubt, for much stronger winds than any yet encountered in summer on this side of the Atlantic, and, with everything strong and taut above, will more than stand the strain demanded for the light airs off Sandy Hook. Pine masts even have been known to go, and as soon as its stability is assured, it is safe to predict that Captain "Nat" will be looking about for something lighter still than steel.

The September races, it is safe to say, will be the most exciting of any yet sailed for the historic cup. It is to be hoped that the challenger will give a better account of herself than have any of her predecessors. Americans, however, can afford to trust their sailors and yacht-builders, as they have done so often in the past, never to find them wanting.

HENRY I. HAZELTON.

Our One Great Halting Industry.

THE purchase of the Leyland line by J. Pierpont Morgan, and other acquisitions of the same sort which are reported as about to be consummated, show that Americans are at last beginning to take an interest in the establishment of an American merchant marine.

It is surprising and discreditable that a move was not made in this direction before. Of the imports of merchandise into the United States, 63.8 per cent. were in American vessels in 1859, 31.3 per cent. in 1870, 22.9 per cent. in 1880, 16.7 per cent. in 1890, and 12.9 per cent. in 1900. Thus the proportion of imported goods carried to the United States in American vessels is only about a fifth as large to-day as it was just before the beginning of the Civil War. With some temporary fluctuations, the general tendency in the ratio of our foreign trade which is being carried in American vessels has been downward for more than forty years.

One reason for the decline was the substitution, a little over forty years ago, of iron for wood in ship building, our foreign rivals, owing to the low price of labor, being able to build iron vessels cheaper than the Americans, and, for the same reason, being able to man them for less money. A cause which operated against us during the Civil War was the depredations of the Confederate cruisers, which reduced the American ocean merchant tonnage in 1865 to a third of its figure for 1860. The cause first mentioned, however, was the more serious, for it was lasting, and it operated when steel began to displace iron in ship construction.

The way for the United States to create a merchant marine of its own is to adopt the course which it found effective in cre-

ating the manufacture of all sorts of textiles and metals. Let the government give to the American ship-owner in the shape of subsidies what it gives to the American cotton, woolen, and steel manufacturer in the shape of protective duties. This is the only way that an American merchant marine which will be worthy of the country can be built up. England, Germany, France, Russia, and all the other countries have followed this plan. America will have to do the same if it is ever to regain the position as an ocean carrier which it held forty or fifty years ago.

Ship-building and ship-owning are the first essential steps toward commercial supremacy. Here is the one broad field in which America is behind most of the other great nations. In nearly every other important activity we lead the world. Half a dozen years before the Civil War the United States promised soon to gain the primacy among the world's ocean carriers which Holland held two centuries earlier. But the change from wooden vessels, in which our supremacy was easy and unquestioned, to iron ships, and the subsequent displacement of the latter by steel vessels, altered the conditions to our disadvantage. Through a fateful shortcoming among our legislators we failed to meet the changed situation by a change in our shipping enactments. By giving to our ship-builders and ship-owners the same degree of protection which we extend to our manufacturers we can gain for them the pre-eminence attained by our makers of textile and metallic fabrics, and can make America's merchant flag supreme upon all the world's seas.

London in 1901.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, June 6th, 1901.—Among the many surprises which meet us on the threshold of the new century none, I fancy, is more noticeable than the rivalry in hotels, and the mad rush, as it were, for supremacy in catering. London is resolved to be reckoned with as a factor, and is resolved also to set a pace for the rest of Europe. This spirit of rivalry or fight for supremacy in this direction has called into being the *Hotel Cecil*, undoubtedly the largest and most sumptuous hostelry in Europe. Seen from the river or the Thames Embankment, it impresses one with an idea of airy elegance combined with architectural solidity. In the summer time especially its spacious terrace and high, airy halls look delightfully cool and restful, and it seems to extend a smiling invitation to the hot and thirsty traveler to enter its hospitable portals. The *Cecil* has not only met the demand for a higher style of hotel accommodations and catering, but has done much to create and lead it, and so has deservedly attained the position of being the acknowledged Mecca of all true gourmets, and a favorite haunt of the epicure and connoisseur. "A dinner at the *Cecil*" is the acme of society's fondest expectations. *Timbale de filets de sole à la Cecil*, suggested the manager, as I consulted him recently about a special dinner, and though I didn't quite know what that was, it sounded well and went down on the paper. I wanted a *mousse* for the entrée, for I knew there are no such *mousses* to be got elsewhere; and then the manager suggested *Poulet de grain Polonoise*, and as he described the method of cooking, and how the juices of the liver soaked into the bird, and the essence of the chicken permeated the liver, I gave up my first idea of the celebrated *canard en chemise*. That was my idea of a charming little dinner, but the manager insisted on the finishing touches being administered by a *parfait de foie gras*, English asparagus, and *pêches glacées vanille*. It was a dinner which would have done honor to any royal table, for every course was served by accomplished waiters, under the care of a vigilant *maître d'hôtel*, and thoroughly graduated as to time and temperature. Indeed, a dinner at the *Cecil*, be it in the *salle à manger* or on the romantic terrace of the restaurant, is a feast and a part of life's memory.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

The Epicures of Cologne.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

COLOGNE, June 1st, 1901.—In a former letter on the incomparable *Monopol Hotel* I have referred to the exceptionally liberal spirit and circumspection of its general manager, Herr Schaaf. He finds no fault if a patron does not like a dish which he knows to be good. "A woman may be pretty," he said to me recently, "and you have no love for her. You may love an ugly one. No matter. You have your choice. My diner has his." Next this professor of gastronomy pointed out that to eat a dinner is as great an art as to cook it. "Well, how should you eat it?" "Oh, that would fill a newspaper. But I will tell you two things. Be in good appetite and drink the proper wines with the proper dishes." "The proper wines being?" "Now, you want two newspapers." It was some time after this I took Mrs. Stunner in blue and white, and wearing diamonds and turquoises by the peck, to a choice dinner I had prepared in honor of my fair guest; and the company in the *Monopol Restaurant*, the great room with beautiful panels, golden frieze and gold-and-red ceiling, on a Sunday night is as fine a society salad as any city in the world can show. There was on this particular evening in our immediate vicinity a lady who once won celebrity on the stage, which she left to take a title and then became the chateleine of one of the great historical houses of England. There was an Indian prince, the first swallow of the dusky, jeweled flight which occasionally ventures this far to tour the Rhine. There was a lady who has the notoriety of having nearly ruined the heir to the throne of one of the kingdoms of Europe, and whose brown diamonds are the envy of all the connoisseurs of the world. There was a party of South African stockholders, who from their appearance did not suggest wealth, but whose united incomes would make the revenues of half a dozen Balkan kingdoms. And around the tables the waiters in their white aprons, and the *maîtres d'hôtel* and the silver-chained *sommeliers* moved noiselessly, and the master spirit of the whole supervising all. Mrs. Stunner was doubtful as to trying the *caviare*. I should have remembered that she did not care for it; but the gray-green delicacy in its setting of ice tempted her, and she owned to almost liking it. About the *Borch* soup there could be no two questions, and the cream stirred into the hot, strong liquid makes it the best soup in the world. The fish, a fish-pie, with its macaroni and shrimps, was delicious, and then came the triumph of the dinner. Cased in its jelly covering, served on a great block of ice, melting like snow in the mouth, Herr Schaaf's *mousse* was an absolute masterpiece. The *poulet, too*, was as good bait as it had been described to me, and the *parfait de foie gras* was another delight. The asparagus from France and the ice were but trifles of the dinner; but the ice swan that bore the little mock peaches was a very graceful piece of table decoration. When we had drunk our *café turc*, brought by the brightly-clad Asiatic, whom Mrs. Stunner christened "The Armenian Opera," and I had finally wheeled Mrs. Stunner in a gay victoria to her house-door, her last words were, "That *mousse* was an absolute dream." As a matter of fact, the *Hotel Monopol*, flanked by a cosmopolitan restaurant on the right and a Wiener café (the finest in all Cologne) on the left, tops all similar houses in the capital of the Rhine valley.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

German Gemüthlichkeit.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BERLIN, June 3d, 1901.—The *Hôtel Continental* has been built with a just appreciation of its neighborhood, which represents the best in Berlin. Its surroundings are strictly aristocratic. It contains 230 rooms with bath-rooms, ranging from single rooms up to complete suites, insuring entire privacy, if desired. Almost every suite of rooms has a different complexion in furniture and arrangement, while all, including single rooms as well, are large, airy, high, with plenty of light and good cheer, and furnished in a truly artistic style. The number of bath-rooms in this house is rather a new departure in the German capital. Outside of two other hotels, equally prominent and eligible, Berlin bonifaces expect the traveler to wash his sins and dust in the Spree. But to return. In addition to well-equipped and beautiful rooms there are parlors, reading and writing rooms, several dining-rooms of rare beauty and arrangement, containing clever frescoes and costly gobelets, and a so-called tropical garden, with exotic plants, where you can sit at all seasons of the year and drink coffee such as can only be had in Germany, and indulge in the good things of a Lucullan menu, provided your digestion is equal to the occasion. And it brings me apropos to the restaurant, which, as our readers will admit, is the Mecca of traveling gourmets, a haven of inspiration for the inner man.

According to the general plan of abundance and affluence which characterizes the management, the *cuisine* is of the highest order, and in many respects superior to much that is passed off on us nowadays as first-class. The director and associate proprietor of this artist c

hotel, Herr Klicks, is a professional epicure himself, who knows the aroma of good things, and by long experience has learned the wants of an international public. Hence his clever and timely advice to the very able and renowned chef to treat different nations according to their individual tastes. Thus an American can have his steak rare, while the Englishman will be accommodated with a chop from the grill in all respects equal to anything similar in London, and native society can enjoy the aromatic, crisp pancake and the equally tempting frankfurters. In short, the *cuisine* is many-sided, eye international. There are still many phases of this truly elegant house to be mentioned, as they are one and all of great moment to the tourist. The wine-cellar, for instance, with a really long list of valuable vintages and rare labels, ought not to be overlooked, and as a matter of fact is a cardinal feature with European travelers. Nor must we forget that in Berlin, a city of leisure and the essence of "Gemüthlichkeit," most tourists linger for days, not only in public museums, galleries, etc., but it is ever a new and equally interesting novelty to see the German at home, to enjoy the incomparable scenery of Berlin's surroundings, the many pretty suburbs within a few hours' ride of the town, and the romantic castle of Frederick the Great at Potsdam, which continues still the wonder and admiration of the new century. Of all this, and the interior arrangements of the *Hôtel Continental*, undoubtedly one of the most perfect houses in Germany, I shall speak more fully in a future letter.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

Modern Berlin.

A PERIOD of extravagant innovation has taken place in Germany, and Berlin is in the race to win. It is this spirit which draws large crowds to the Kaiser's capital. The spoiled and pampered American traveler needs but to step into the *Grand Hôtel de Rome* to find himself in Aladdin's palace, transplanted to the great metropolis of Germany. This beautiful hotel, which was renovated and refurbished recently, has been famous for half a century as the most fashionable hostelry in the German capital, and is now tricked out in all the glory of fresh paint, luxurious equipments, and beautiful decorations. Ever since the oldest of old stagers can remember, the *Grand Hôtel de Rome* of yore was pointed to as the abode of princes and dukes, of the illustrious of all nations, of foreign potentates galore, and of the *haut monde* generally. The proprietor, Herr Mühlberg, has wrought such a metamorphosis on the hallowed spot so familiar to a fashionable clientele of the past, as to fairly astonish all who knew the place of old. But with all the numerous attractions and comforts, which he has added at great expense, the tariff is even less than it was before, and within reach even of modest travelers.

Americans Crowd Hamburg.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

HAMBURG, May 30th, 1901.—"Were I to boil down my opinion, I should say *Streits Hotel* is a bijou of a place"—thus spoke a prominent New York gentleman to an admiring crowd of Americans, your correspondent included, who had been permitted by the courteous manager, Herr Steinecke, to inspect the beautiful house. Approaching the majestic building from the boulevard, we enter a pretentious foyer of grand and harmonious proportions, intended, I am told, as a general rendezvous for visitor and native alike. Picturesque settees, and equally romantic tables, invite us to a cozy tête-à-tête beneath rare paintings on walls and ceiling. Exotic plants barely screen costly vases and statuary. Leading off to the right are several dining-rooms in an L shape, ranging from a romantic little breakfast-room to the grand dining-hall in regal splendor, and furnished in Louis Quatorze style. There are many lights under picturesque and multicolored shades, contributing a variety of color to the general animation of the scene. German officers, in uniform and corseted, together with native aristocrats, help to swell the tourist element, and completes a kaleidoscope such as can only be seen in Vienna and Budapest. Genial and attentive waiters of a really educated class, such as are rarely found in New York hotels, with the perfection of long and careful training, anticipate and realize your orders. It is a dream, a veritable Arcadia, if you like, and cradles the mind, even the mind of nervous people, into peace and contentment.

While the attractions of this exceptional hotel begin on the ground floor, new surprises await us as we explore the house upward. The lighting and bathing facilities of *Streits Hotel*, the subtle arrangements of heat and cold, together with a faultless service, will also be found in the list of its numerous advantages. But as the *cuisine* is ever a prime requisite its restaurant offers the most select and rare menu known to modern gourmets. The chef is, I believe, an Alsatian of the Escoffier school, famous the world over. His artistic table decorations are said to have delighted royal fêtes, and increased the happiness of many a wedding feast. Indeed, the dinners at this hotel are attended by the *élite* of Hamburg chiefly, I am told, on account of the excellent variety and quality of wines which have been selected for this hotel by a committee of wine experts. I must yet say a few words about its exemplary service. Under the practical eye of Director Steinecke an exemplary service is one of the features in *Streits Hotel*. But it is also the lovable temper of these Hamburgers, otherwise called *Gemüthlichkeit*, which makes them particularly acceptable to the Anglo-American traveler, who is compelled to put up with impatient help at home. "And what of the chambermaid?" I hear my bachelor friend inquire. For the benefit of these "isolated martyrs" let me say that the chambermaid on the Alster is ever ready, and equally obliging. She will as readily massage your lame arm in bed, if necessary, or brush your clothes without being over-inquisitive about the female face which may happen to drop from your overcoat pocket. In short, my advice to the dear Benedict is similar to Punch's: "Don't marry, but ship your luggage by the *Deutschland*, and go to *Streits Hotel* in Hamburg."

C. FRANK DEWEY.

A Wholesome Tonic

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. S. L. WILLIAMS, Clarence, Iowa, says: "I have used it to grand effect in cases where a general tonic was needed. For a nerve tonic I think it the best I have ever used."

Eminent Physicians

are eagerly studying the problem of baby feeding. Berlin's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is recommended by the leading family physicians. It is always safe and reliable. Send ten cents for "Baby's Diary," 77 Hudson St., New York.

STEADY nerves and a strong stomach is the legacy of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

Family Food.

CRISP, TOOTHsome, AND REQUIRES NO COOKING.

A LITTLE boy down in North Carolina asked his mother to write an account of how Grape-Nuts Food had helped her family.

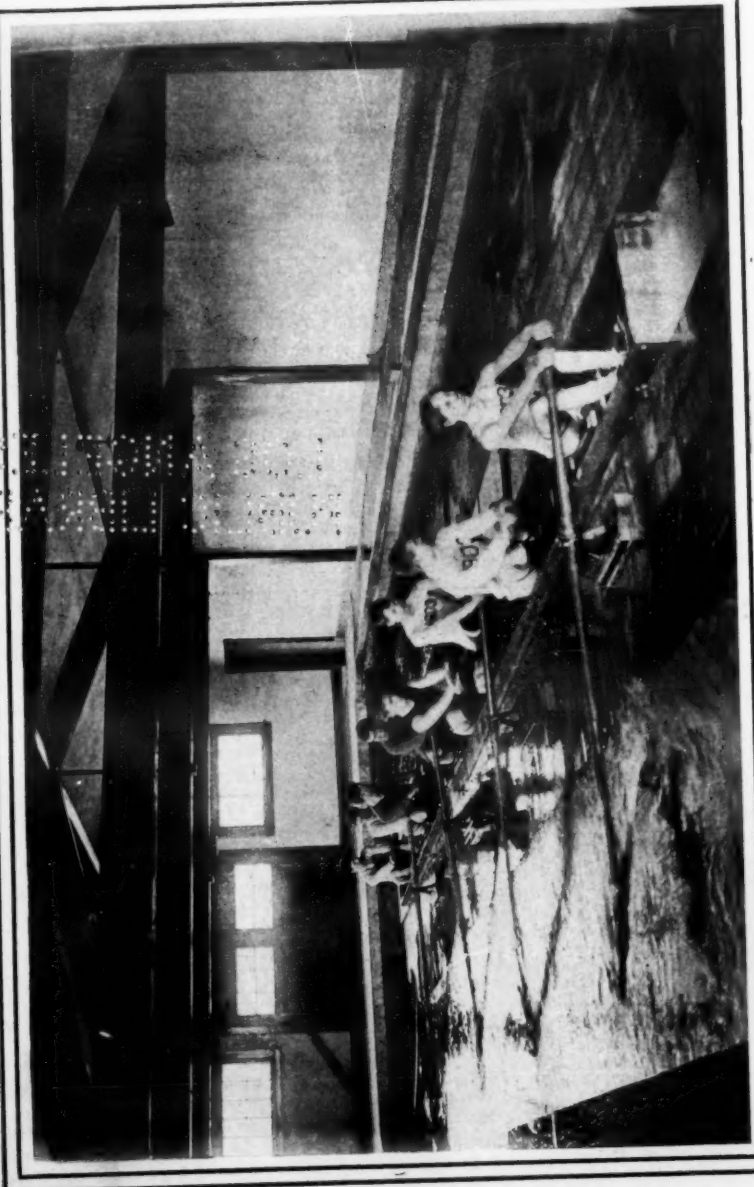
She says Grape-Nuts was first brought to her attention on a visit to Charlotte, where she visited the mayor of that city, who was using the Food by the advice of his physician. She says: "They derive so much good from it that they never pass a day without using it. While I was there I used the Food regularly. I gained about fifteen pounds, and felt so well that when I returned home I began using Grape-Nuts in the family regularly."

"My little eighteen-months-old baby, shortly after being weaned, was very ill with dyspepsia and teething. She was sick nine weeks, and we tried everything. She became so emaciated that it was painful to handle her, and we thought we were going to lose her. One day a happy thought urged me to try Grape-Nuts soaked in a little warm milk."

"Well, it worked like a charm, and she began taking it regularly, and improvement set in at once. She is now getting well and round and fat as fast as possible, and on Grape-Nuts."

"Some time ago a number of the family were stricken with la grippe at the same time, and during the worst stages we could not relish anything in the shape of food but Grape-Nuts and oranges; everything else nauseated us."

"We all appreciate what your famous Food has done for our family."



CLASS CREW IN THE TANK BUILT IN THE NEWELL BOAT-HOUSE BY THE HARVARD CLUB OF NEW YORK.



ROWERS ENJOYING RECREATION BEFORE GOING OUT FOR HARD PRACTICE.



LAUNCHING THE SHELL AT THE COMMAND, "SWING HER 'WAY OUT, FELLOWS!"



THE CREW PUSHING OFF FOR A SPIN ON THE CHARLES RIVER—"HANDS ON THE FLOAT!"

THE STURDY HARVARD UNIVERSITY CREW AT PRACTICE.

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THE MAN WHO CAME BACK.

OVER the door, where the dark green vine of the morning glory was twined in reckless profusion, a bluebird was singing. Bees, yellow and dusty, dived precipitously into the hearts of the old-fashioned flowers that bordered the gravel walk, or vainly essayed to reach the honey stored in the shrunken trumpet of the morning-glory flower. A few chickens strutted indifferently about the door-yard, while a dog, old and lazy, lay blinking in the sunlight. Flies buzzed industriously outside the screen-door.

The door-stone looked cool and damp, as if water had recently been poured there.

Within, the sounds of busy housewifery were manifest. At intervals a flat-iron struck the hot stove with a metallic ring followed by the steady push, push, as it glided over the ironing-board swiftly and dexterously. The woman at the ironing-table, middle-aged and comfortable-looking, was humming a happy air in time with the rhythmic beat of the iron on the board. Suddenly, with a loud creak, the gate swung open.

The dog arose, stretched himself, growled savagely, and drew nearer to the open doorway. A man, with a soft hat well pulled over his eyes, walked slowly up the path, and, hurriedly pushing open the swinging screen-door, entered the house. The woman at the ironing-table, her song hushed on her lips, looked up at the intruder. As she did so, he pushed the hat away from his eyes and then deliberately removed it. His eyes were fixed, with an earnestness that was wistful, on the face of the woman. For a moment's brief space she stood like one dazed. No sound escaped her lips, no motion came to the arm poised in air with the heated iron in its grasp.

Then, suddenly, the iron fell to the floor with a loud thud, her hands dropped limply to her sides, and trembling, like one in an ague, she groped undecidedly for a chair. Sinking into the nearest one, she covered her face with her hands and rocked herself to and fro, shivering and moaning.

"Don't yer know me?"

The sound of his voice restored her to reason; but she put out one hand as if horror-stricken, saying, hurriedly, "Don't—don't come anear me, I cayn't bear it! Who be you? You look like—like—" Here her words died away in a husky murmur and her lips met with a dry, choking sound.

"I be—"

The man retreated to a stand by the stove and remained there, one hand resting on the mantel, surveying the woman with not unkindly eyes.

"I be—" he repeated; "my name's John Stearns."

For reply, the woman turned in her chair and essayed to speak; but she shivered horribly and the words would not come.

"You needn't be afeard of me," the same voice that had addressed her went on. "I'm flesh an' blood an' I kin explain the whole business."

"No, no."

Still she shrank from him with an unmistakable aversion. "Don't—I cayn't bear to hear ye say so. Why," and she lifted a pale, horror-stricken countenance to him, "John Stearns is dead."

A grewsome silence filled the overheated room for a moment. The flies buzzed monotonously on and the chickens "cheeped, cheeped" in the door-yard.

"John Stearns is dead," the woman repeated, mechanically, "an' who be you?"

"I'm John Stearns," insisted the man, stubbornly, "an' to prove it I kin tell ye the names of his wife's children. Wife's name's Nancy, an' the children, two on 'em, Mary Jane an' 'Lijah. 'Lijah he's 'bout thirteen an' Mary Jane she'll be—"

But the woman interrupted him. Putting out one hand, she raised the other to her forehead and moved it back and forth distractedly.

"I dunno," she said, quickly, "my head's all wrong. I don't believe yer. You cayn't be John Stearns because—" and she hesitated, then continued, tremblingly, "because he's dead."

"He ain't now."

The man impulsively dropped his arm from the mantel and approached her.

"Nancy," he said, "don't yer know me? Of course ye do. I was dead an' you see me buried—but I ain't now. It's a long story an' soon's ye git straightened out I'll tell ye all about it."

With an effort the woman raised her eyes slowly and regarded him fixedly.

"Oh, my God!" she whispered, hoarsely, "what hev I done?" Then the utter improbability of what he had said mocked her credulity and she continued, hurriedly, "No, you ain't—you cayn't be John Stearns. Why, I seen him dead and buried, with my own eyes."

The man put his hand on her shoulder.

"You see," said he, "I'm flesh an' blood, don't ye? It's all a mistake, I tell ye, Nancy. You thought I was dead, but I wa'n't."

"I don't see."

She was beginning to be less afraid now and curiosity replaced the superstitious horror she had experienced on seeing the husband she had buried two years ago walk in, still in the flesh and apparently as well as ever. Yet, had she not been present at his funeral? Had it not taken place in this very house, in the dim front room held sacred for such occasions? Had he not been brought home from a neighbor's, where he had expired from heart disease, and had he not lain dead in the house for the three days required by custom? Her brain whirled. Her

senses reeled. For here was John Stearns, alive, standing before her. John Stearns, unless she was to doubt the evidence of her senses. How could she do that? It was his form, his face, his voice. No other man carried himself in just that way, and surely no other man was conversant with the affairs of their private life. If so, how had the knowledge been gained? A sudden thought sent the blood quickly to her heart, leaving her face deathly in its whiteness.

"What did ye come back fur?" she gasped.

"To git my own," was the determined reply. "I sh'd of come long ago, but I couldn't. I've been half round the world."

The woman looked her anxiety to know the worst, and, in response to the inquiry of her expression, he began his explanation.

"Wal, to begin with, I died an' was buried, by my family an' the neighbors"—this rather sarcastically—"it don't pay to trust to no doctors, I kin tell ye. Ef it hadn't of bin for another doctor, I'd of bin in kingdom come, now, I guess."

He ceased speaking to add intensity to his narrative. Not a sound broke the humming stillness of nature. The woman sat like a statue, lips parted and hands clasped, save when a wave of deepest crimson rushed over her face and receded, leaving it of clayey grayness.

"The night I was buried," the slow voice took up its horrible recital, grimly, "a young doctor from the city, beyant"—he indicated a direction through the doorway with one thumb turned backward—"came out an' took me up—for dissectin' purposes. Ugh!" He shivered and cast his eyes about the room. The woman was still silent. "But when he got me there—to his rooms—he diskivered that I wa'n't dead—an'—" he whispered hoarsely, "an' that lef' him with a big job on his han's. To git rid of it—an' me—he turned me over, fore I'd come round enough to twig him, to some sailors, in a den in the city. He knew where to find 'em. Prob'ly they'd helped him more'n wunst. They took me on board a fishin' schooner an' kep' me 'thar—an' I've ben two year, e'en almost, tryin' to 'scape 'em. But at last I done it, an' here I be."

He looked at her as if expecting some kind of a welcome. For a little while she seemed impressed with the truth of what he had been saying.

"Don't yer know," she faltered, flushing consciously, "thet—thet—I'm married?"

The possibility of such a contingency had not occurred to him, evidently, for he reeled and supported himself with one hand on the kitchen table.

"Who?"

He hurled the word at her vehemently.

"'Lias Baker," she faltered.

"Him?" with a contemptuous glance at her. "Well," the monosyllable was all the comment that escaped him.

"My husband," she said, hurriedly, "you—you'd bin dead a year—an'—he offered himself—an' I took up with him. 'Twas a good chance—he's forehanded—an'—I needed a man to see to the farm."

"Yes, I see," said the man; "an' my property—is that settled?"

"Yes."

"How?"

He launched another shaft at her, quickly.

"What was fer the children's in the bank an' set off fer them. What he lef' his brothers, they've got—an'—an'—my share—my husband looks after that."

"I reckon he won't long," said the man.

At that moment the heavy hanging vines about the doorway were parted and a thin, wiry man entered the room.

"I heerd it all," he said, angrily; "I've hearn sech yarns afore. Git out of this."

It was Elias Baker.

The other man stood immobile.

"Come—git, I say," cried Baker, threateningly.

"Oh, 'Lias," interposed his wife, pleadingly, "he says—"

"Yes, I know what he says," interrupted Baker, savagely. "I've hearn the whole blest yarn, an' I don't believe him."

Encouraged by the woman's interference, the man stepped into the middle of the floor and, lifting his right hand, said, impressively, "As God lives, 'tis true. An' I kin prove it. Nancy"—turning to the woman—"will ye leave him an' go with me—or will ye turn me out an' go with him?"

It was a supreme moment for the woman, for she believed him. Her mind was in a tumult. She looked one way and the other, helplessly. Then, meeting her husband's eye, she murmured, "No—I cayn't, ye see. Ye might be a-lyin'—an', I cayn't go. Though perhaps I'd ought—if he hain't never died—"

The sentence died unfinished on her lips and the shadow of the new-comer darkened the doorway for a moment as he passed it.

"Ye'll hear from me," he almost shouted as he covered the sunshine with his broad form, then crunched down the gravel walk and swung the gate to with a sharp bang. The dog accompanied him to the road, wagging his curly brown tail vigorously.

"Good dog—good Tige," said the man, stooping to stroke his head.

They had not seen the last of him.

Before nightfall the wonderful tale he had related was well circulated about the country neighborhood, and the people became divided against themselves on account of

it. About as many believed him as doubted. But he showed such determination to be reinstated in his rights, both family and property, that the case began to present a serious aspect.

He demanded his wife. Her husband refused to allow him on the premises and she refused to see him. Yet, in her heart, she felt that the man was right, his story was true; and according to her belief, in the eyes of God she was still his wife. Yet, in the sight of God and man was she blameless. He insisted that his estate should be restored to him, and here, too, he was met with a steady refusal.

"A man has no business to die and then, after he is forgotten, to return and demand of the world recognition," Judge Stone, the village squire, informed him when appealed to. So he sought advice of lawyers in the city.

They saw a good case and they told him so.

"Cases of suspended animation," they assured him, "are by no means infrequent. If you can only locate the doctor, or medical student, as he probably was, who did the deed, we shall be all right." The lawyers rubbed their hands complacently; but the claimant shook his head sadly.

"I cayn't find him," he answered, despondently; "he's prob'ly gone. I've looked fur 'im. 'Sides, I don't know his name."

"We'll advertise," said his lawyer, hopefully, "we'll assure him that no harm shall come to him, and he'll turn up—for the reward. You'll see."

But he did not.

Meanwhile the other side had also engaged counsel and, at his instigation, had disinterred the coffin in which John Stearns had been buried. They found nothing but bones; but they were arrayed in the clothing in which the dead man had been laid away.

"Nothing but a scheme of the student's to cover his tracks," the claimant's lawyer assured him.

"I didn't have nothin' on that belonged to me," said Stearns, dejectedly, "when I come to. But they won't believe me."

"Looks dark," admitted his lawyer, "but we'll come out all right, never fear. Strange case though, where a man can't prove that he is alive. You seem to be a man at present, Stearns, without a place in the world."

"Jes' so," assented the claimant.

The fall term of the superior court came in, and the case of John Stearns, claimant for his place in the world, was the first one listed for trial. The evidence, when given in, seemed to array itself on either side impartially. There was much to be said for the claimant, but equally as much for the defendants.

"If only that doctor would show up," whispered the claimant's lawyer to him.

"He won't," said Stearns, slowly. And he did not.

The court-house was packed to the doors. A good many women were there, and the steady undertone of their conversation hummed like a hive of bees. The air was close and thick, the lawyers perspired, and the judge panted when he delivered his charge to the jury. After they retired, a renewed buzzing of tongues broke forth, so that once the judge rapped sharply on the desk and called for order. The witnesses, pro and con, glared at each other and were silent.

Outside, in the open doorway of the lobby, some local sports were betting freely among themselves on the outcome of the trial. The claimant sat beside his lawyer, just at one side of the reporters' table. His face was flushed and he twined and intertwined his fingers incessantly. An hour, two hours dragged slowly by and were numbered on the dial of the past. The claimant's lawyer leaned over and said something to him; but his eyes were closed and he made no reply. He was evidently thinking deeply.

Suddenly there was a stir in the outer apartment. The jury were coming in.

Solemnly they filed in and took their places in the box. When the foreman arose with the rest to report, a decided sensation stirred the tired audience.

They had disagreed.

As the echo of the last words died away among the rafters of the grim old court-house, all eyes turned instinctively to the claimant. He was sitting unmoved, eyes cast down and hands clasped over his knee. He did not look up to meet the eyes fastened upon him. His attorney leaned over and grasped his hand. At the touch the head of the claimant fell slowly forward on his breast and his body lurched heavily to one side. Those nearest came hurriedly and crowded about him.

"Ah! he is dead," said the attorney, releasing his hand from that clammy grasp, "and has been for some time."

A. LOUISE PRATT.

Out West.

Irate Citizen (rushing into the post-office)—"Here, you, Mr. Postmaster! you've robbed me of fifty dollars. If you don't give up I'll write to Washington about you."

Postmaster (pacifically)—"Guess there must be a mistake somewhere, my dear sir."

Irate Citizen—"There hain't no mistake about it. I paid you the money for a money-order two weeks ago and the man hain't received it yet. There's your receipt for it too."

Postmaster (looking at the paper)—"Why, man! that's your money-order."

A Victim of Tobacco.

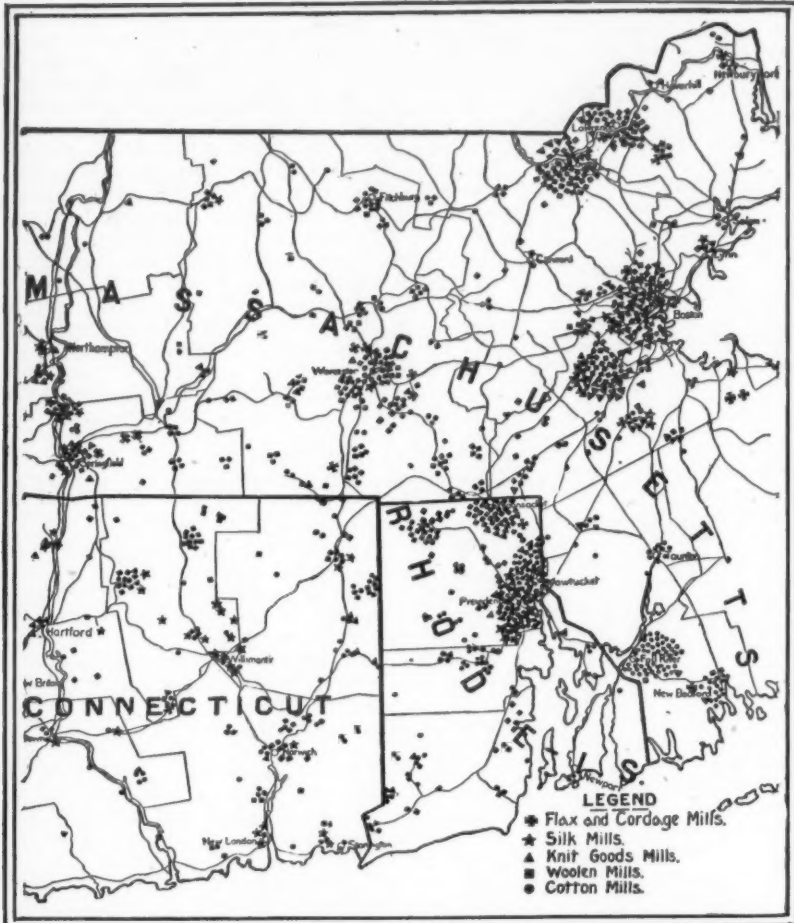
Twynn—"Poor Rickett's death resulted from his fondness for tobacco."

Triplet—"I heard that he was killed by an explosion."

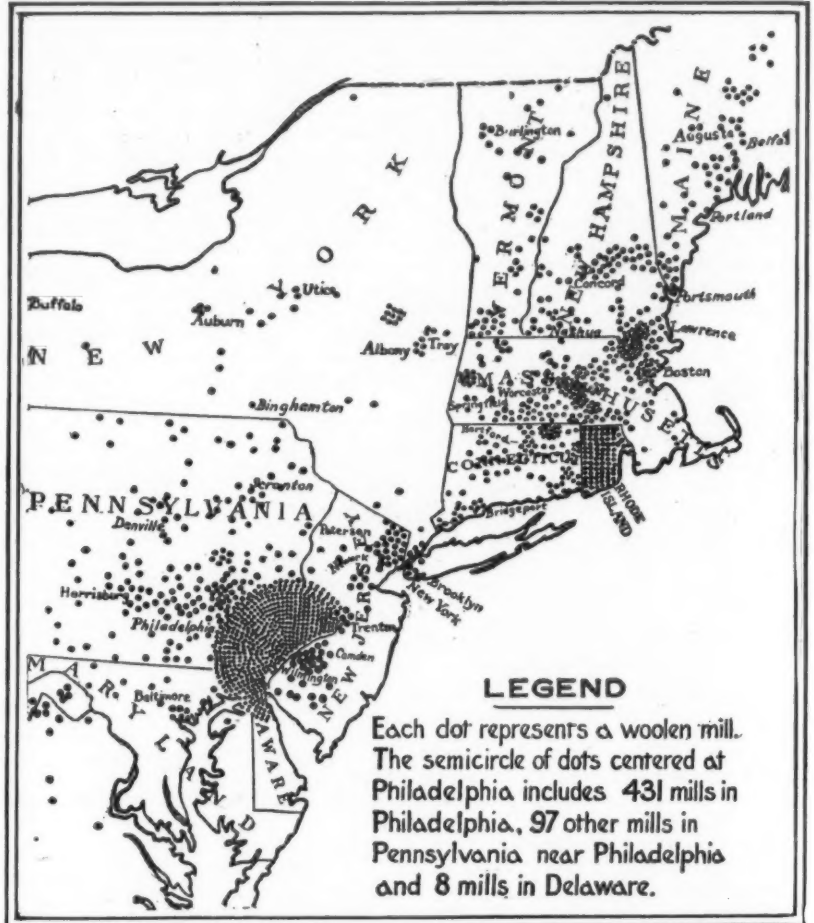
Twynn—"Well, he opened a keg of powder with a lighted cigar in his mouth."

WHY AMERICA SHOULD BE GREAT.—VIII.

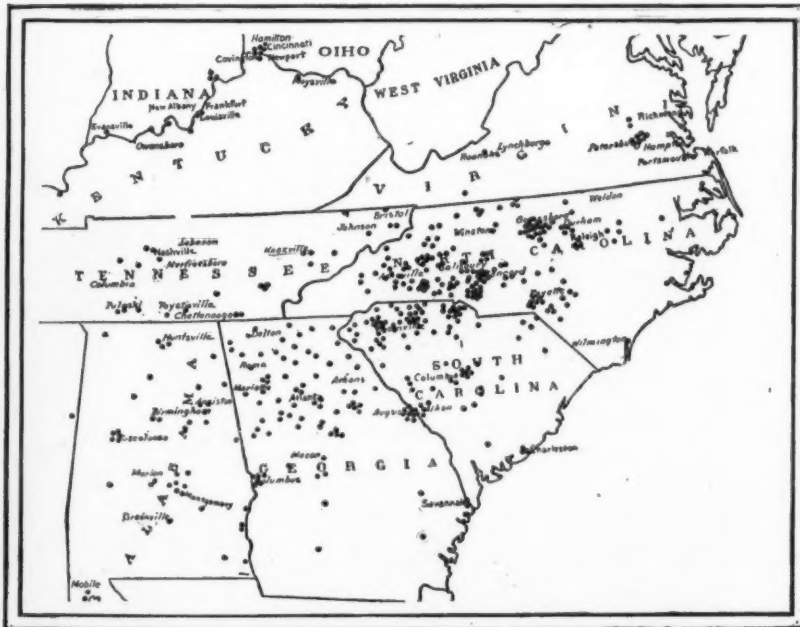
THE VAST TEXTILE INDUSTRIES OF THE LAND, THEIR WONDERFUL EXPANSION AND REMARKABLE SUCCESS.



LOCATION OF THE VARIOUS TEXTILE MILLS OF SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND, 1899.
Copyrighted by Edward D. Jones.



THE CENTRE OF THE WOOLEN INDUSTRY, SHOWING THE WOOLEN MILLS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC STATES, 1899.—Copyrighted by Edward D. Jones.



MAP SHOWING THE COTTON MILLS OF THE SOUTHERN STATES, 1899.
Copyrighted by Edward D. Jones.

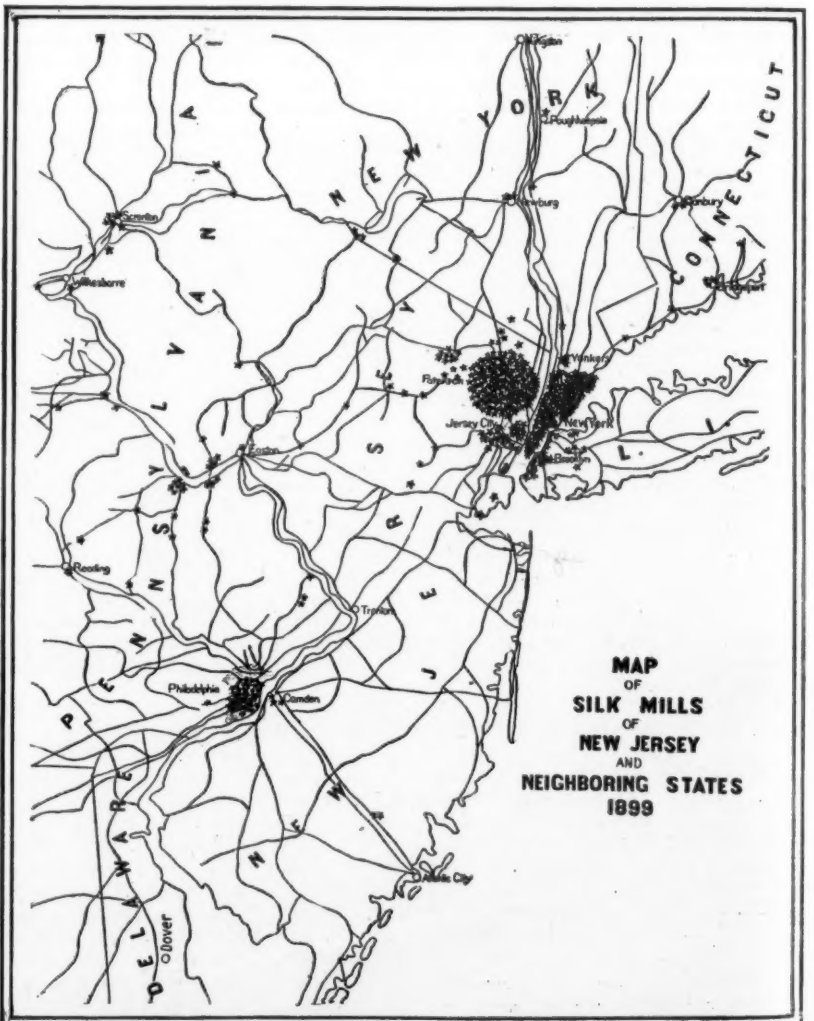
THE beginning of American textile manufactures is, like the beginning of many of our other industries, to be found in a period when the finer products were imported from Europe and the coarser ones were produced here on a small scale under the system of household industry. The advantages possessed by our infant textile industries in their early stages were the possession of raw materials and abundant water power, a home market, but above all a group of men, ingenious and determined, who were behind the first enterprises. The difficulties encountered were innumerable. To begin with there was no machinery to be had, except such as could be laboriously constructed here, for English manufacturers guarded their secrets jealously, and the exportation of textile machinery from England was for a long time forbidden by law. The beginnings of our textile industries are really marked by our first efforts at the manufacture of textile machinery. Besides this there were no skilled laborers. Although there was theoretically a preference on the part of the public for home products, founded on patriotism, there was in practice such a preference for imported articles rooted in custom and style that for years our home productions masqueraded under foreign names. This practice has not even entirely ceased at this day.

The development which the history of the textile industries records cannot be followed without producing the impression that it is chiefly a monument to the rare endowment of sagacity, perseverance, and honesty possessed by the small group of men who were associated with these industries. The country has, of course, given to these industries protection of a more or less uneven character, and we have had such natural advantages as abundant materials, stimulating climate, water-powers, and easy means of seaboard communication.

The value of the products of the entire group of textile industries in 1890 approximated \$1,000,000,000. At that time the nearest related group of industries in size was the iron and steel trade, with substantially the same total annual value of product. The product of each of these groups constituted roughly one-ninth of the manufactured goods of the United States as the values were recorded by the eleventh census. Our textile manufactures are at the present time very nearly tied in value with those of the United Kingdom.

CENTRES OF TEXTILE MANUFACTURE.

The original home of the textile industries is southern New England. Inasmuch as this



THE CENTRE OF OUR SILK INDUSTRY—LOCATION OF THE SILK MILLS OF NEW JERSEY AND NEIGHBORING STATES, 1899.—Copyrighted by Edward D. Jones.

region was one of the first settled, its development to the manufacturing stage at an early date was natural. As it was, however, indifferently fitted for agriculture, and possessed few valuable minerals, its possible lines of economic development were limited. Neither did its inhabitants possess as easy a means of access to the West for the overflow of surplus population as did the Southern and Middle States. But it was settled by a class of population having superior vitality and enterprise, and they were early in the field in the development of manufactures. In New England to-day there may be found such cotton-mill towns as Fall River, Pawtucket, New Bedford, and Providence; such woolen centres as Lawrence, Woonsocket, Worcester, and the region between these two towns, or, more generally, the country to the southwest of Boston. New England contains groups of knit-goods manufacturers in Boston, and to the southwest; also in Lowell and near Providence. For the silk industry the Southern

New England States can make a fair showing in the Willimantic valley and the Connecticut valley.

The New England textile industry has the advantage of long experience, a trained labor *personnel*, established names, and strong trade connections. All the supplemental industries whose existence smooths the way of the manufacturer are in existence. There may be found architects experienced in designing mills, machine-builders and repairers, chemical dealers, buyers of wastes, etc., etc. There a concern may devote itself to spinning, weaving, dyeing, or printing, and be certain of finding other establishments into which its specialty fits. While the origins of most branches of textile manufacture can be traced to New England, and while that region is still the greatest seat of the industry, it is noticeable that cotton manufacture is moving southward and woolen manufacture westward. This is but the natural effect of the endeavor of newer sections to round up the circle of their industries along the lines indicated by the raw materials which they can most easily furnish. New England will still retain control of the more intricate and artistic branches of the weaving and printing industry.

OUR VAST COTTON INDUSTRY.

We use somewhat less cotton and somewhat more wool than the United Kingdom annually. In view of the fact that a great deal over half of the cotton of the world is grown in the United States, this indicates that an enormous amount of cotton is exported in an unmanufactured condition, and suggests that we are not doing what we should in the way of supplying the markets of South America and Asiatic countries. There were in 1890 about fourteen and a half million spindles in operation in the United States. New England then produced six-sevenths of the print cloths and fine goods. In 1899 the number of working cotton spindles was 18,100,000. The greatest centres of production are Fall River and New Bedford, Pawtucket and Providence. Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Worcester, Taunton, and Woonsocket each have groups of mills numbering between ten and twenty. Some districts of New England have a considerable number of mills scattered through the small villages. As such we may mention a semi-circle of country west of Providence, and Connecticut from the coast to the northern boundary east of Willimantic. The Connecticut valley between Northampton and Springfield, Mass., commands nineteen mills. The Middle States produce largely sewing-cotton, yarns, duck, and upholstery goods. The chief centres are Philadelphia and Baltimore.

One of the most interesting and important themes connected with the cotton industry is the rapid growth of spinning and weaving in the South. The trade papers are filled with astonishing statements concerning the increase which has taken place within the past five years in the number of spindles. Out of the 18,100,000 spindles spoken of above, 3,950,000 were in the Southern States and 14,150,000 in the Northern States. The advantages which are most frequently claimed for this region are, that labor is cheaper than elsewhere and is unorganized; that taxes are lower, and that the location of a cotton-mill in the South saves the cost of a long shipment of raw cotton out of the cotton belt and, so far as the home market is concerned, an equally long shipment of manufactured goods back. The new locations have some climatic advantages and have in many instances cheaper water power than can now be secured in the North. There is also for the present an almost entire absence of factory legislation; a matter which to some employers appears to be a clear advantage. The chief products of the Southern mills are yarns, sheeting, and the heavier and coarser grades of goods. The location of Southern mills is accurately indicated upon the map accompanying this article. In this map every establishment contained in the trade directories is indicated. The general grouping shows a preference for the Piedmont regions of central North Carolina, western South Carolina, northern Georgia and northeastern Alabama.

As has been expressed above, and as may be seen to some extent from the products of Northern and Southern mills, the two fields will work into an adjustment with one another and increasingly supplement one another. In a considerable degree it is the capital of Northern mill-owners which is building Southern mills. The New England industry stands for fine goods, in the manufacture of which skilled labor and artistic quality count for much, while the South stands for coarser goods, in connection with which freights and motive power are more important determinative elements.

OUR WOOLEN MANUFACTURES THE THIRD IN THE WORLD.

In the manufacture of woolen goods the United States takes third place among the nations. We do not supply ourselves completely with wool. In the contest of opinions regarding the interests of the wool-grower, wool has been put on tariff schedules and taken off and has been handled in various ways while on them. This has created uncertainty which has diminished the net advantage resulting to wool-growers from protection. The sheep-raising industry is "like a man to double business bound," halting between the production of mutton and the growing of wool. The breed of sheep early prominent was the Merino. Recently the desire to market mutton, coupled with the uncertainties of the tariff and the strong competition of other countries in wool-production, have led to the introduction of Shropshires and Cotswolds, indicating the devotion of Eastern sheep-raisers to mutton instead of fine wool. We produce our entire supply of cotton, but the sheep-raising industry of Argentine and Australia has prevented American farmers from getting control of more than sixty per cent. of the home-wool market. The Southern States are in many ways admirably fitted for sheep-raising, and the industry could be made prosperous were it not for the friendship which exists between the yellow dog and the negroes and poor whites. If the South has any one need above another it is for cattle and sheep. But it is discouraging to learn that for some years prior

to 1892 the losses of sheep in Alabama on account of dogs averaged twenty per cent.

The manufacturing of wool received a great stimulus during the Civil War, when New England suffered a cotton famine similar to that suffered in Great Britain. Philadelphia is the pre-eminent metropolis of the industry. There are in the city 431 mills, while 97 others are in the southeastern portion of Pennsylvania. Other prominent districts are central Maine and southeastern New Hampshire. In southern New England the map of textile industries published herewith shows an elliptical area of which Worcester and Providence may be termed the foci. To the southwest of this centre there are many establishments between the cities just mentioned and Norwich, Conn., and Springfield, Mass. Other great New England centres are Boston and the country to the southwest, Lowell and Lawrence. If attention be turned to other parts of the country besides those already mentioned it will be found that, aside from small groups at Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Louisville, the distribution of factories is remarkably uniform east of a line drawn from Minneapolis to Kansas City, and thence to Columbus, Ga., ending at Charleston, S. C. A string of twelve mills standing almost in a line through the central part of Utah may be mentioned as outside this district.

A subdivision of the woolen industry, namely, the manufacture of carpets, is highly developed in the United States, primarily because of the success of American inventions for mechanical weaving. The general prosperity of the American population, coupled with the necessity for a floor covering in frame dwellings, early made the use of carpets nearly universal. Only of recent years has the rug been able to win wide popularity. Carpet manufacture with us is located at seaports, inasmuch as we do not grow the coarse wools used in carpets. The various materials employed, such as wool, jute, and linen, are most easily assembled at a port; that port is Philadelphia. We import carpet wools for the same reason that we import hog bristles; namely, because the finely-bred and well-fed sheep, which it pays best to raise in the United States, do not produce coarse wool.

AMERICA LEADS IN KNITTING INVENTIONS.

The invention of steam knitting machinery is of American origin. At first the English machines for the production of full-fashioned underwear were employed, but with the advent of a circular knitting-machine capable of producing seamless garments, the full-fashioned underwear decreased in popularity. The development of the industry has been stimulated by these improvements and given a distinctly American character. Ribbed hosiery and underwear are also an American novelty, having first appeared on the market in 1884, to meet with almost immediate favor. The number of mills catalogued in the leading textile directory is 1,252. Of this number Philadelphia has 190, while in the neighborhood of that city there are 61 more. Cohoes and Amsterdam, N. Y., constitute a unique centre, depending upon the presence of ample water power. Cohoes contains 33 mills, Amsterdam 30, and the neighboring towns and suburbs 55 more. Other general centres are southeastern Massachusetts, particularly between Boston and Providence, eastern Pennsylvania, and the Mohawk valley. Small groups of mills are in Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and southeastern Wisconsin. Practically the entire industry is included, however, in Pennsylvania, New York, and southern New England.

DEVELOPING THE SILK INDUSTRY.

In colonial days silk thread was worth one dollar per ounce, and it was very much the style for women of wealth and refinement to be seen spinning their own silk for fancy work. In 1830 a craze was developed in this country for the raising of silk-worms. Although this industry came to a very unprofitable end between the years 1839 and 1843, it originated certain business concerns which struggled on through the years of slow growth until the protective policy adopted subsequent to 1860 ushered in a more prosperous era. The industry is now firmly established. Inasmuch as the United States is on an equal footing with European countries in the matter of raw materials, the future of the industry depends upon the development of a skilled body of employes, the perfecting of labor-saving devices, and progress in artistic lines.

The great centre of the silk industry is Paterson, N. J., which well deserves the title, "The Lyons of America." The second centre is New York City. The throwing branch of silk manufacture has been for some years moving westward into the iron regions of Pennsylvania. Two reasons suggest themselves for this movement: The first is that, as the throwing branch of silk manufacture is comparatively simple, employing women and children chiefly, it is suitable for establishment in an iron region, where the labor of the male population is utilized, but where an adequate employment for women and children is lacking and the price of their labor is consequently low. An additional reason is that the migrating establishments reach a wage-earning population at present unorganized, and hence not likely to originate labor troubles. The weaving and dyeing branches of silk manufacture are still controlled by Paterson and New York. They require complex machinery and so must be near a centre able to provide all the equipments of the trade. They also require skilled labor and must locate in a well-established silk centre. Lastly, they require the most expert management.

PROFESSOR EDWARD D. JONES.

A Day's Fly-fishing in Maine.

"YER can't catch trout, real trout, around these sporting camps—yer 've got to go in fer 'em, that's all there is to it."

Thus my guide had soliloquized when I found fault

with the fishing close to the home camp, and, yielding to his entreaties, I tramped twelve miles into the wilderness over a spotted trail, with a canoe and camp luggage to carry.

The little pond, peculiar in shape, lay in the niches of great mountains which rose precipitously from the water's edge, making deep, dark caverns underneath. Tiny streams rippled merrily down over the ledges, and here and there growths of stunted spruce clung desperately to the uncertain footing. It was a wild and strangely beautiful place, well worth the hardships of the trip for the pleasure of viewing, if nothing more.

Deer were feeding on the rank grass at the outlet as we pushed our canoe cautiously into the water, and as we rounded the first point a startled loon ducked under, not twenty feet away, and came up fifty yards off laughing weirdly, and the stern cliffs sent the echo clapping back and forth until the sound became uncanny.

I began casting indolently, first on this side and then on that, as we glided silently along, but the dark and what seemed very promising waters gave no response. Half the pond was circled and still no rise, and just as I was preparing to reel in, somewhat disgusted, I felt the canoe stop abruptly.

"Try about forty feet of line over there, where that great log sinks into the water," murmured the guide. I spun out the line quickly and let go at the pool, dropping the flies gently upon the water.

Hardly had the faint ripples which they made died away when there was a sharp splash, and a moment later a pound trout was cutting the water as he dashed away with the line.

In a few minutes he was floundering in the net.

Another try secured his mate, but a couple more casts brought no response, and, moving along, we stopped again. An inviting retreat lay some distance off, and a moment later the flies were trailing gently over it. On they came toward the canoe, and then suddenly the water was fairly boiling with struggling fish. The slender rod bent until I did not dare to strain it further, and then the reel clicked its merry song as the line went slowly out.

A few minutes later the fish were netted.

"A double," chuckled the guide, as he released the flies from two trout weighing a pound and a half and a pound, respectively, "and that place is full of 'em. Did you see that big one rise? He weighed five pounds if an ounce, and, by thunder! we'll have 'im or my name ain't Sanford Moore."

His voice trembled with suppressed excitement, and it seemed to me he never would get the line straightened out. Another cast and another double—one weighing a trifle over two pounds and another half as large—was deftly dipped.

The sport was getting interesting.

The next cast took a pound fish and he was hauled in without ceremony.

"Careful, now," urged the guide, noticing my impatience. "We want that big un, and you can't hurry him."

I nerved myself for an extra delicate cast, after substituting a brown hackle for a Montreal. The flies struck the water just right, as light as a feather, and I let them lie there for a moment.

Then there was a thundering splash as a monster trout came clear out of the water. I struck quickly and the mighty tug which followed bent the slender split bamboo nearly double.

A second later the reel was spinning like a buzz-saw and a blister was rising rapidly on my thumb. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty feet went out, so it seemed, in as many seconds, and then twenty-five feet more before the fish turned. Then he made straight for the canoe, and the skill of the guide and the splendid way in which my multiplying reel worked alone saved us from losing the "king of the lake," for that was what he truly was.

This danger was soon over and the taut line cutting the water viciously some sixty feet away. For fifteen minutes it was a hard-fought and uncertain battle, but we gradually began to draw nearer to the fish. Every now and then a glimpse of his white fins and shining sides set our hearts fluttering with anxiety, and the more we looked the bigger he became. Again and again he was almost near enough to dip, but each time by a tremendous struggle managed to take out line and get beyond reach. Then, almost without warning, he began to break water near at hand, floundering furiously, and we knew the end was near.

At the end of forty minutes he lay alongside the canoe, belly up, dead! He had fought it out to the end.

The guide lifted him in by the gills, fearing to trust the net, broke his neck and hung him on the little pocket scales. I turned about, eagerly and somewhat quickly, considering that the canoe was cranky, but Sanford was too busy to reprimand me. Down went the scales until they rested just a hair above the four-pound notch!

Gracious, but I can feel that thrill now!

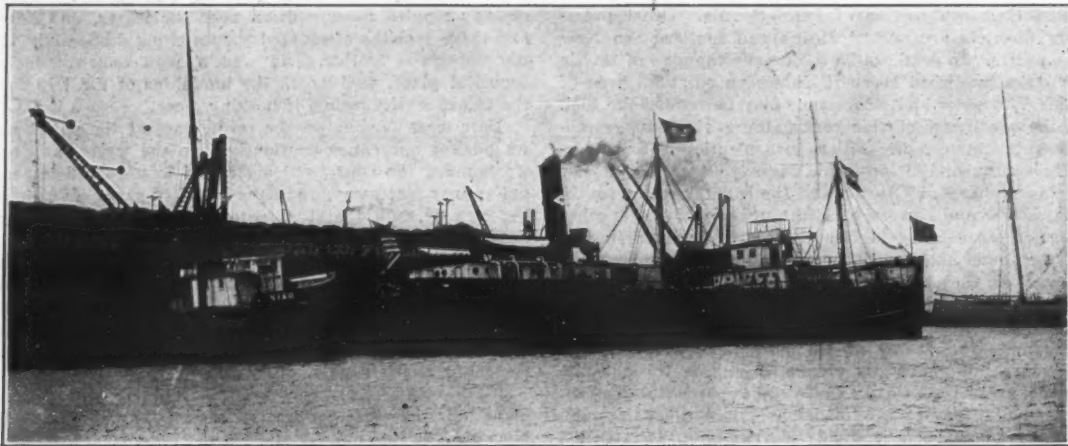
Then we said pleasant things to each other, stopping now and then to hold the fish aloft and admire its beauty. After a time I began casting again, but the next catch, a two-pounder, looked small. I fished an hour longer, taking seventeen trout in all, none of which weighed less than a pound, with several doubles and a triple; but the big fellow was sport enough for one day, and we gladly sought shelter when a storm floated over the mountains.

We cooked our dinner in a deserted hunter's cabin and spent the afternoon inside, smoking and contentedly listening to the patter of the rain-drops on the splits overhead.

The next day we took our trophies out and exhibited them proudly before the unfortunate beings who did not have the courage to leave the comfortable beds and good cuisine of the home camp for the rude bunks and rough fare of the wilderness, not even for the pleasure of enjoying its superb sport.

NEWS AND VIEWS.

(Photographs of interest, with brief descriptive matter, accepted for this department, will be paid for at the rate of \$2 each.)



THE "NORTHMAN," ONE OF CHICAGO'S NEW TRANSATLANTIC SHIPS.—THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA FOR WESTERN COMMERCE.—Photograph by J. H. Sheffield, Roger's Park, Chicago.

Across the Ocean from Chicago.

OUR photograph gives a view of the *Northman*, the second of Chicago's transatlantic boats, taking coal, preparatory to a trip through the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River to Hamburg, Germany. The establishment of a through traffic line between the metropolis of the West and European ports is an event of deep and far-reaching significance in the commercial history of the country. What it means for the great mineral and food-producing industries of the Northwest in the future can be faintly imagined. Hitherto freight from lake ports destined for points in Europe and elsewhere by ocean routes has necessarily been subject to transfer from lake vessels to ocean ships; an operation adding greatly, of course, to the time and cost of transportation. Now that the enlargement of the canals in the St. Lawrence valley has made it possible to avoid this transfer, or breakage of freight, a new future has been opened up for western commerce. It is worth noting, in this connection, that the Attorney-General of the United States has recently decided that Chicago is not an ocean port, and not entitled, therefore, to the appointment of a shipping commissioner, as citizens of Chicago had desired. The Attorney-General held that it had not been demonstrated that passage through to the ocean by the boats is practicable. Local marine officials, however, expect to have this decision reversed when the *Northman* has successfully completed its voyage to Europe and returned to Chicago.

The President Visits the Veterans.

ONE of the most enthusiastic and remarkable demonstrations in honor of the President during his visit on the Pacific coast was that accorded him by the old veterans at the national soldiers' home near Santa Monica, Los Angeles County, Cal., on May 9th. The home is eighteen miles from Los Angeles, and the President made the journey in electric cars. Nearly three thousand of Mr. McKinley's old comrades of the Civil War were there to greet him. Our photograph was taken just as the President was ascending the steps of the dining-hall to address the veterans, after having passed between their ranks drawn up on either side of the walk from the headquarters building, which is seen in the distance. Considerable excitement was caused, just as the party were about to return to Los Angeles, by the discovery that a pickpocket had been at work in the crowd, and had relieved Secretary Wilson and Colonel Charles A. Moore of their pocket-

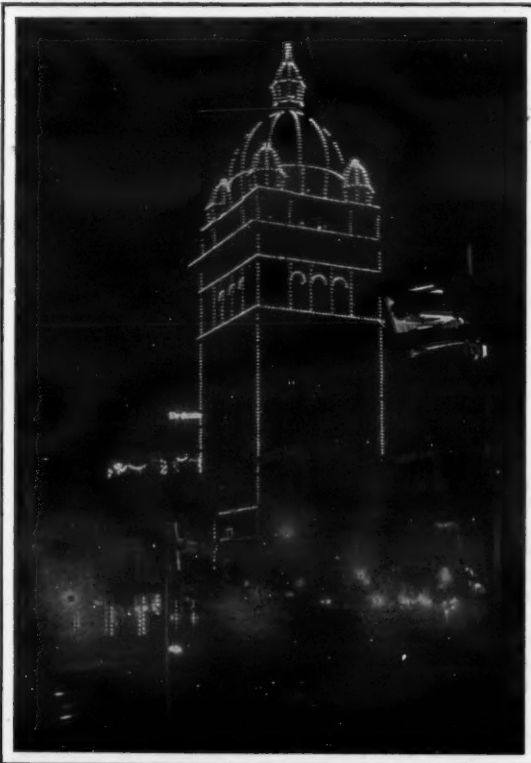


PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S RECEPTION BY THE VETERANS. Photograph by E. W. Moore, Los Angeles, Cal.

books. Later the thief was arrested and the booty recovered.

Illumination in Honor of the President.

IN spite of the fact that the serious illness of Mrs. McKinley on her arrival at San Francisco made it necessary to abandon the regular programme of the Presidential party at that point, everything possible, under the circumstances, was done to signalize the visit of the chief magistrate to the city by the Golden Gate, and to make his stay there agreeable. Our photograph gives a view of the Spreckels building, in San Francisco, as it was illuminated on the evening of the President's arrival. It was on this same evening that a public reception was tendered to the President in the Market Street ferry station. The large and handsome nave of this building was also beautifully illuminated, and a vast crowd was



THE SPRECKELS BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO, ILLUMINATED IN HONOR OF THE PRESIDENT. Photograph by Miss C. L. Cook, San Francisco.

present. Mayor Phelan made a brief address of welcome, to which Mr. McKinley responded with characteristic grace and appropriateness. The President did not indulge in hand-shaking at this time, but bowed as the people passed, each one saluting him with a small flag.

A Home Wrecked by Dynamite.

A DASTARDLY attempt was made on the early morning of May 17th to destroy Mr. William J. Bruner, of East Akron, Ohio, and his entire family, consisting of a wife and two children. Mr. Bruner, who is an officer on the local police force, had incurred the enmity of some of the criminal elements of the community by his faithfulness and efficiency in service, and they determined on his removal. On the night in question a large amount of dynamite was placed under the window of Bruner's bedroom and discharged by means of a fuse. The explosion was terrific. It was heard for three miles, and shook the entire city. The west and front sides of the bedroom were blown out, and the parlor, dining-room and kitchen were wrecked. Every window in the house was blown out. Almost every piece of furniture was demolished. Chairs and tables were reduced to kindling wood; pictures were hurled from the walls and ruined; carpets torn up;

crockery smashed, and the stoves turned upside down. By great good fortune none of the family was seriously injured, but their escape was truly remarkable. The youngest child, a baby, was found buried beneath five feet of plaster, wrecked furniture and broken timbers. The father heard the faint cry of the little one, and dug his child out of the wreckage. To his great joy he found it to be alive and quite unharmed. Our photograph was taken on the morning following the explosion. The parties guilty of this monstrous deed are believed to be in the hands of the police.



THE WORK OF A DYNAMITE BOMB. Photograph by F. R. Archibald, Akron, O.

Food Value of Eggs.

IN a recent bulletin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture interesting and valuable facts are given in regard to the food value of eggs, their digestibility, and the best methods of cooking them. Experiments in the digestibility of eggs show that hard-boiled and fried eggs required $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours for digestion, soft-boiled eggs required 3 hours, roasted eggs $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours, raw eggs, not whipped, 2 hours, and raw eggs, whipped, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour. It has also been established that from 93 to 97 per cent. of an egg that is eaten is digested. The following methods of preparing soft-cooked and medium-cooked eggs have been found to give uniform results in laboratory tests at the University of Illinois: Using a granite-ware stewpan of one quart capacity, one pint of water was heated over a gas flame; when the water boiled the gas was turned off and an egg which had been kept in a refrigerator was dropped into the water. Without disturbing the vessel it was covered closely and the egg allowed to remain in the water six minutes. It was then soft-cooked. As shown by tests, when the egg was dropped into the water the temperature fell almost at once to 185 degrees Fahrenheit and then slowly to 170-171 degrees Fahrenheit. If the egg remained in the water eight minutes it was medium-cooked. In this case the temperature of the water at the end of the cooking period had fallen to 162-164 degrees.

To Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph, except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the amateur who took the picture. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-surface paper is not the best for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners.

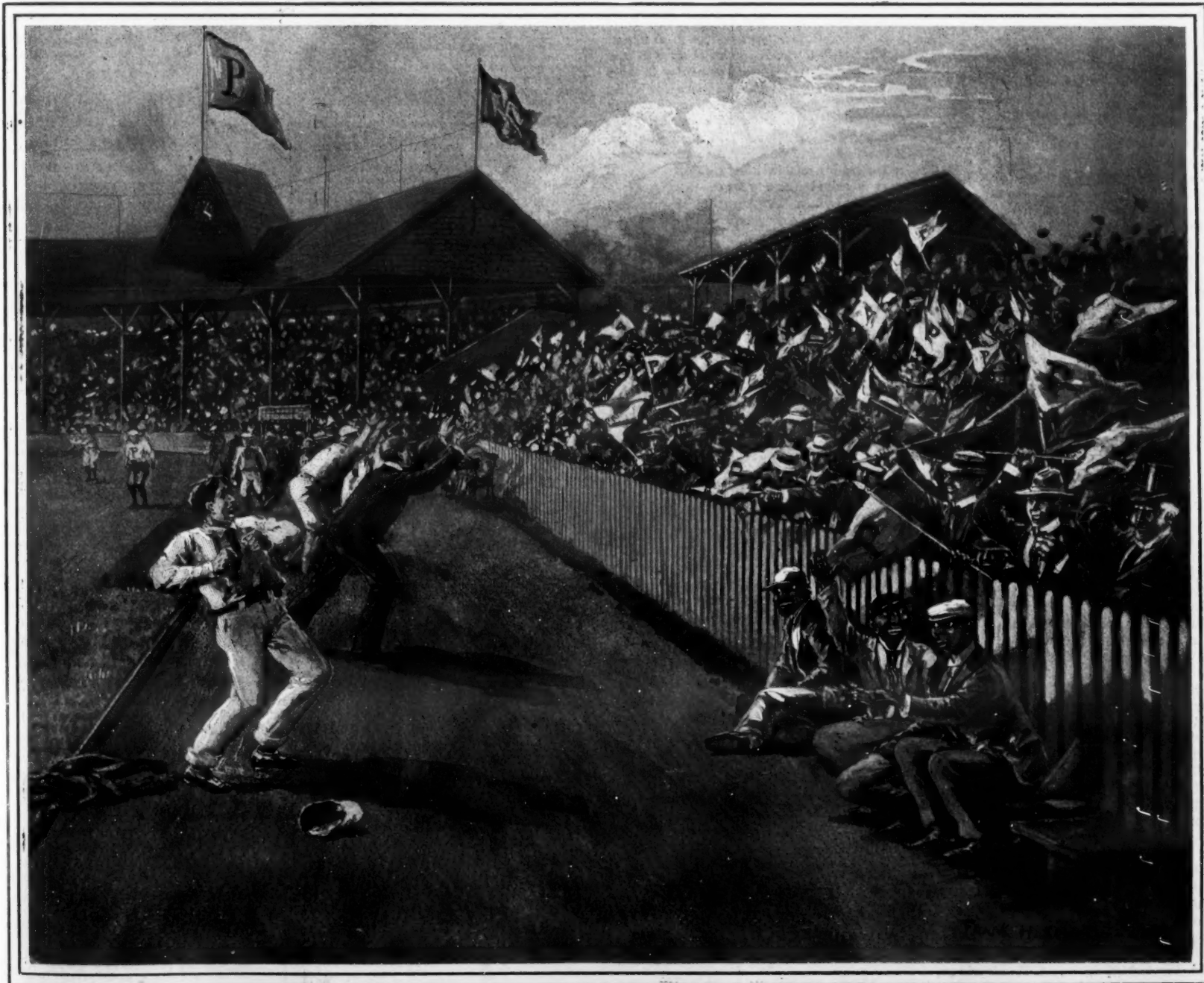
SPECIAL PRIZES.—We offer special prizes of ten dollars to each prize-winner, until further notice, for the most unique, original, and attractive pictures in the following classes: Negro Life, Automobile-driving, Indian Life, American Frontier Scenes, Gold-hunting in Alaska, Notable Catastrophes, Incidents of Travel, and Fourth of July. Contestants should mention the class in which they desire to compete.

NEWS AND VIEWS.—News photographs of special public interest only, sent with brief explanatory notes, suitable for the department of "News and Views," will be paid for at the rate of two dollars for each one used, manuscript included.

N.B.—Communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 110 Fifth Avenue." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine" or other publication, having no connection with "Leslie's Weekly."



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE GAME—REHEARSING COLLEGE SONGS ON THE STEPS OF OLD NASSAU.



THE "ROOTERS" STAND RESPONDING TO THE CALL TO YELL, IN THE FIRST INNING OF THE YALE GAME.

THE GREAT COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP BASE-BALL GAME AT PRINCETON.

THE FIERCE RIVALRY BETWEEN PRINCETON AND YALE AROUSES FRENZIED INTEREST.
DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY FRANK H. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE OF SPORTS, 609.]

HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

It is clear that those who predicted, after the recent smash in the market, that, according to all precedents, there should be extensive liquidation, with a tendency to dullness and even to depression, had some justification for the opinion they expressed. It is difficult to start a boom at any time, and, after a serious break and a sharp recovery, it is still more difficult to start a new boom on a high level of prices. The recent sudden spurt in the market revealed that it had inherent strength, and justified the conclusion that the big manipulators are not out of the market, and that in the recent mad rush to sell stocks they did not generally participate. But they know perfectly well that if prices are permitted to advance too rapidly another sudden break will inevitably come. They would rather see an easy, quiet market, with an undertone of strength, than an excited, buoyant, booming market, with portents of disaster ahead.

These clever manipulators, who have been holding up stocks so well, realize also that it is easier to sustain prices if a short interest can be developed, as it readily can on every sharp decline—for there are still plenty of bears waiting for an opportunity to make a turn on the short side of the market. Thus far, the bears have not had a very satisfactory experience since the Presidential election, and every time they sell stocks to any extent the masterminds on the bull side take advantage of the situation to give an upward twist to things. There is no doubt that the sudden weakness of the market, after the recent sharp advance that followed Black Thursday, attracted general attention and provoked many surmises. At one time it was said that the bull manipulators who were endeavoring to support the market had to take on an uncomfortably heavy load of stocks in doing so, and that they were fearful that the banks and trust companies might refuse to help bear the burden.

But the position of the great operators has been very strong financially, and there is no reason at present to believe that they will not dominate the situation, if they choose to do so, for some little time to come, unless the foreign financial situation should become more desperate than it has been. That it has been pretty bad in England is made clear by the remarkable decline in English consols, for which no satisfactory explanation has yet been made. No doubt exists regarding the severity of the financial depression both in Berlin and in London, and this has caused no little anxiety in financial circles. Whether this portends more serious trouble can only be conjectured, but a smash of any kind abroad would certainly affect our home market.

I look for a quiet summer market. A great many predict another midsummer rise, but I have been unable to see it, and do not see it now. The agitation of the tariff, which has already begun, indicates that this vitally important question may be re-opened at the approaching December session of Congress, and probably will be. This will give notice to our large manufacturing industries that existing tariff rates are likely to be disturbed, and nothing will be calculated to unsettle the present prosperous business conditions more quickly and decidedly than a proposition to revise the tariff schedules. Manufacturers will call a general halt in business until they can learn definitely what the new rates of duties are to be. The agitation of this question, which seems to be inevitable, will mark the beginning of a general decline in business, and if the tariff question should be the leading one in the Presidential contest of 1904, we may look for a return of hard times before that date. If any of my readers will cut out this prediction and paste alongside of it the stock market quotations of to-day, he will be amazed when the next Presidential election comes round at the high prices which most securities on the list have now attained.

The hopeful sign is the rapprochement of the great bull leaders, who became embroiled in the Northern Pacific controversy with Union Pacific interests. Without harmony, continuous, well-sustained, and permanent, between the five great groups of railways which now control three-fifths of the mileage of the country, namely, the Vanderbilt, Morgan-Hill, Harriman, Gould, and Pennsylvania groups, the market would fall to pieces very quickly. If the plan of bringing into harmonious relations the remaining conflicting interests in the railway world can be successfully carried out, freight and passenger rates will be maintained, rate-cutting will be discontinued, and railroad earnings will be well sustained, even in the unex-

pected eventuality of bad crops and decreased business, though these, by provoking acute competition, will, for the first time, really put this new community-of-interests idea to the real test.

Those who are careful students of the railroad situation are able, even if they are not on the inside, to take profitable advantage of the new condition of things which the six or eight great magnates are trying to bring about. The report that the Vanderbilts had secured control of the Clover Leaf, as the Toledo, St. Louis and Western is known, and which partly parallels the Wabash, was not a surprise to those who realize the strategic value of this little road, the purchase of whose stock I recommended months ago. For the same reason, those who believe that the anthracite pool must eventually embrace the Ontario and Western and the Delaware and Hudson, began picking up these stocks a long time ago. The impression that the Southern Railway will need the Monon, as the Chicago, Indianapolis and St. Louis Railroad is known, and that the independence of the Chicago and Great Western and of the Kansas City Southern may compel their purchase, in the interests of harmony, have also added materially to the values of these stocks. The Wisconsin Central, the Iowa Central, the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, the Minneapolis and St. Louis, and other lines are needed by the great combinations if they are to have permanent peace. These are factors that are sometimes not realized as such when buying movements set in. The student of the stock market should also be a student of railroad geography.

The money market, bankers say, will be easy during the summer months, unless something unforeseen occurs, but if the tendency to issue new stocks and bonds at the present rate continues, the people will have all they want before fall sets in. I advise cautious investment in these new issues. Many of them may prove to be desirable, but that is too much to expect of all. With the phenomenal increase in railroad rates, there may still be money in some of the non-dividend-payers that are slowly but surely getting on a safer footing; but even these have had such an advance that great caution should be exercised in their purchase. It must be borne in mind that within sixty, and certainly within ninety days, the customary demand for money for the moving of the crops will be felt. From present appearances, with possibly the exception of cotton, the crops will be very satisfactory, and appearances abroad indicate that the foreign demand will be quite as heavy as ever. In that event, the drain of money from New York toward the West may be partly compensated for by imports of gold on an extensive scale; but if the present stringency in the foreign money markets continues, there will be a struggle to prevent exports of the precious metal.

Outside of the crops, the situation is generally promising on this side of the water, but for the possibilities of serious labor disturbances and but for an apprehension that the iron market is losing its strength. The announcement of a reduction in Southern pig iron came recently with the statement that the demand for iron was appreciably declining, though in some branches of the business there is still great activity. No one can doubt that the iron and steel markets are drifting toward lower prices, and it is undeniable that new capital is seeking profitable ventures in those branches of the iron industry that are yielding the greatest profits to the United States Steel Corporation. While the latter may control four-fifths of the ore beds in the country and three-fourths of the finished iron and steel products, yet it must be borne in mind that its competitors have the advantage of a small capital upon which to earn dividends—a capital that does not represent millions of water.

If these smaller concerns can sell at lower prices than the billion-dollar corporation, the latter must meet these lower prices in the open market. If prices are sustained and the smaller concerns make handsome profits, they will use the latter to extend their business until they develop into dangerous rivals of the steel trust. Furthermore, our example has stimulated the iron-masters of the Old World, and those of Germany as well as of England are now talking of making formidable combinations to meet the rivalry of their great American competitor. We must not forget, in the midst of our boasting, that we are not yet masters of the world's trade, and that our wonderful progress in the forward movement of American trade and commerce has been stimulated by peculiar advantages which circumstances have combined to give us—advantages that will not always be ours.

"A Subscriber," New York: No.

"M.," Brooklyn, N. Y.: If you contemplate going into business, I would not advise engaging in specu-

lation. In the first place it is demoralizing, and, in the second, it is risky.

"H.," Lyndon Centre, Vt.: Rating moderately good, but not high enough to warrant recommending them. No stamp inclosed.

"H. M. S.," Reading, Penn.: The firm has only a fair rating. (2) I think well of Reading for speculative purposes and your margin seems to be ample.

"B.," New York: Thanks for subscription. (1) At prevailing prices I regard it as reasonable, unless an unexpected collapse of the market occurs, and that does not seem to be imminent within the next few weeks.

"K.," Brooklyn, N. Y.: A ten-point profit is a pretty good one to take. In a fluctuating market one can always buy his stock back and make another turn. The impression prevails that Erie common is to go higher.

"Conductor," Milwaukee: I think your Wisconsin Central ought to bring you a profit shortly, unless the market meets some unexpected and depressing influence, but I would not wait for too large a profit. (2) An effort is being made to advance the Chicago and Alton stocks, with some show of success.

"Investor," Pittsburg, Penn.: I would not sacrifice my American Ice preferred as long as it makes such an excellent showing of earnings. It has no bonded debt to speak of, has only \$15,000,000 of preferred stock, and has not only paid the dividends regularly on the preferred, but also 4 per cent. without a break on \$25,000,000 common stock.

"L. D.," Cedar Rapids, Ia.: The last report of the American Ice Company showed a surplus in January, after the payment of all dividends, of nearly a million dollars. I would not sell my stock at a sacrifice. Considering that it has paid 4 per cent. per annum regularly from the start, it may be regarded as having made as good a record as any industrial selling at this price.

"L.," Holly Springs, Miss.: Kansas City Southern common has sold this year as low as 13 1/4 and as high as 25. It of late has been approximating its highest price. (2) The active speculation which Leather common enjoyed, some time ago, when it was suddenly advanced beyond 40, has made many regard it with favor, because they have expected that lightning might strike twice in the same place. Perhaps it will.

"P.," Hartford, Conn.: There is an obvious purpose to advance the price of the United States Steel shares, and some talk of 130 to 150 for the preferred and 60 to 75 for the common. I do not believe that such prices are justified, though Steel common is no doubt an industrial speculative stock in which one can profitably trade. Opposition to the United States Steel is being developed in various parts of the country. It hardly seems possible that it can enjoy a monopoly of the business.

"G.," Plattsburg, N. Y.: Subscription received. Among the low-priced stocks that I have regarded with favor I have included the Kansas City Southern, the Toledo, St. Louis and Western, and the Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville, but since that time they have had something of a rise. Purchased on reactions, unless the market has a set-back, I regard them with favor. I also think well of Chesapeake and Ohio and Ontario and Western, but I do not regard present prices as offering great bargains in any direction.

"G. F. P.," Newark, N. J.: I think well both of St. J. and G. I., and Kansas City Southern common. Unless some unexpected contingency should happen, the chances should favor a fairly steady market for a few weeks to come, though alert bears are waiting an opportunity to depress prices. (2) I think it better to buy stocks out and out. They are always safer than when you trade on margins. (3) I believe in the future prospects of Toledo, St. Louis and Western common, of Chesapeake and Ohio, Ontario and Western, Southern Railway common, Chicago Great Western, Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville common, but advise operations with great care, because the higher the range of the market, the more critical the situation.

"T.," Augusta, Ga.: In such a market, I would have abundant margins, especially after the experience we had on the recent Black Thursday. The future of Wabash depends in great measure on the outcome of the Gould combination, which has been in the process of formation for nearly a year. B. R. T. may also find its ultimate salvation in a local traction combination. The skillful manner in which Continental Tobacco was recently vitalized by the same men who manipulate the local traction stocks shows how resourceful they are in an emergency. I think you would have made more money if you had tried a little Missouri Pacific in place of St. Paul, at selling prices. At this writing I am advising caution in entering the market. It would be well to keep your money handy and use it in case of a sudden and sharp reaction. I hardly see what advantage your plan would have, inasmuch as you would be a borrower in either event.

"Banker," Butte, Mont.: I have little doubt that a combination of the express interests of the country is being effected, and that United States Express stock will profit materially by the carrying out of the plan. I advised the purchase of this stock when it sold considerably lower than at present. (2) The only evidence that the Standard Oil is interested in Linseed Oil Company is the fact that young Mr. Rockefeller and his brother-in-law have just been elected members of the board. The mere announcement of this election was sufficient to advance the stock several points. Linseed is a good speculative

stock, and the insiders are not forgetful of that fact. (3) It looks to me as if Rock Island and some of the other grangers were getting pretty nearly as high as they ought to be, considering their earnings. (4) I see no dividend in sight for either the preferred or common of Wisconsin Central. The earnings are very properly being used for the improvement of the property.

"C.," Vermont: I have frequently discussed the merits of United States Steel, both common and preferred. There is a curious divergence of opinion regarding these shares. Some veterans on the Street are very bullish on them. Others point to the unquestioned fact that competition is rapidly developing in many of the most lucrative branches of the iron trade; that United States Steel has \$300,000,000 bonds ahead of the preferred and common shares; and that, with another period of severe depression in the iron trade, it will suffer severely. I do not believe in iron and steel industrials for permanent investment. (2) I think well of Union Pacific preferred for investment. (3) The troubles over the street-railway franchises in Chicago are reaching an acute stage. I would not advise investment at present. (4) It has seemed to me that the San Antonio and Aransas Pass four, which are guaranteed, principal and interest, by the Southern Pacific Railway, were cheap between 80 and 90. The choicest gilt-edged bonds mostly net less than 4 per cent. Some of the cheapest of these are the Central Pacific Railroad first refunding four, selling around par; the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis 4 1/2, series A or B, principal and interest guaranteed by the Pennsylvania Company, selling at this writing at about 115, and netting almost 3 1/2 per cent. The Chicago and Alton three around 60 are not dear, and a good speculative bond are the Kansas City Southern three around 70.

"Financial," Duluth: It is true that the capital of the Atchison, Union Pacific, and Southern Pacific, respectively, is enormous, but the combined common and preferred shares of the three aggregate only about \$600,000,000, or about half that of the United States Steel Corporation, and the latter has \$300,000,000 of bonds ahead of its capital stock. If the latter can earn dividends on this enormous mass of securities, perhaps the former can. (2) The Baltimore and Ohio three-and-one-half, around 90, are a pretty fair investment, yielding, as they do, 4.20 per cent. interest. (3) It is claimed that Republic Iron and Steel is earning 10 per cent. on the common stock. If this were true it would sell much higher. The common has speculative chances in a market in which the bull movement may culminate in a general rise of all the industrials. (4) I do not advise the purchase of the stock of the Britannia Mining Company. It looks to me as simply a speculation. If it is a promising producer, there ought to be no difficulty in disposing of its stock without offering it to the public. (5) Texas Pacific is in a fair way to earn dividends. I would not sacrifice my stock. I think its chances are as good as those of Chesapeake and Ohio, unless the cotton crop is very short. (6) Norfolk and Western is earning over 5 per cent. on the common. It has a promising future, but it is always well to take a good profit at such a time, when the market has reached a new plane of high prices.

(Continued on page 609.)

FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE.

THE Real Estate Trust Company OF PHILADELPHIA

Southeast Corner Chestnut and Broad Streets

Authorized Capital . . . \$1,500,000

Surplus and Undivided Profits \$1,000,000

Allows Interest on Deposits subject to check. Rents Safe-Deposit Boxes in Burglar-Proof Vaults.

Buys, sells, and leases Real Estate in Philadelphia and its vicinity. Collects Rents and takes general charge and management of Property.

Executes Trusts of every description under the appointment of Courts, Corporations, and Individuals. Acts as Registrar or Transfer Agent for Corporations, and as Trustee under Corporation Mortgages.

FRANK K. HIPPLE, President

GEORGE PHILLER, Vice-President

WILLIAM F. NORTH, Treasurer

WILLIAM R. PHILLER, Secretary

THOMAS B. PROSSER, Real Estate Officer

ROBERT D. GHRISKEY, Cashier

M. S. COLLINGWOOD, Asst. Treasurer

ROLAND L. TAYLOR, Asst. Secretary

PROPOSALS FOR \$3,057,125.90

3 1/2% CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Exempt from all Taxation in the State of New York, except for State Purposes.

Principal and Interest Payable in Gold.

EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, GUARDIANS, AND OTHERS HOLDING TRUST FUNDS ARE AUTHORIZED BY SECTION 9 OF ARTICLE 1 OF CHAPTER 417 OF THE LAWS OF 1897 TO INVEST IN THIS STOCK.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, at his office, No. 280 Broadway, in the City of New York, until

Monday the 17th Day of June, 1901,

at 2 o'clock P. M., for the whole or a part of the following described Registered Stock of the City of New York, bearing interest at the rate of THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. per annum, to wit:

\$1,500,000 00 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE RAPID TRANSIT RAILROAD. Principal payable November 1, 1901.

\$800,000 00 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR ACQUIRING LANDS FOR THE SOUTH THIRD AVENUE APPROACH TO THE BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER AT THIRD AVENUE. Principal payable November 1, 1901.

\$27,125 90 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR RE-

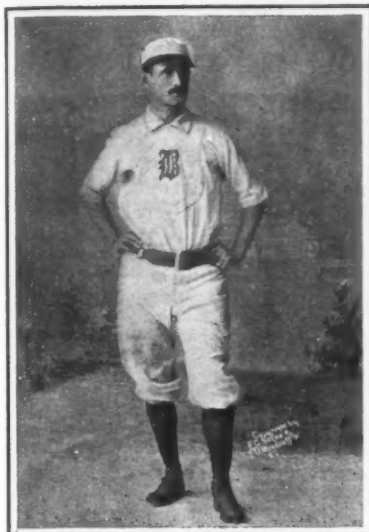
A Deposit of TWO PER CENT. (in money or certified check on a National or State Bank in the City of New York) required. For fuller information see CITY RECORD. Copies to be procured at No. 2 City Hall.

BIRD S. COLER, Comptroller.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE.

JUNE 4TH, 1901.



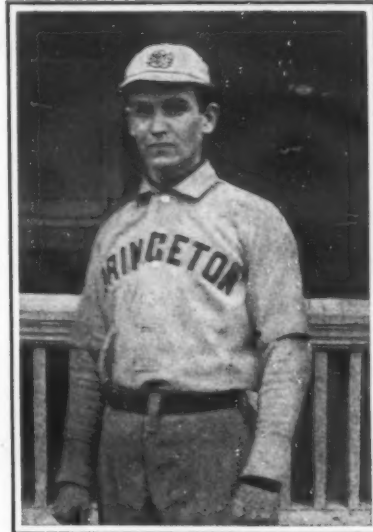
TENNEY, OF BOSTON, THE LEADING FIRST BASEMAN OF THE COUNTRY.
Photograph by Chickering.



TUG OF WAR BETWEEN TEAMS OF INSANE PATIENTS AT WARD'S ISLAND, N. Y.



CAPTAIN ROBERTSON, OF YALE, THE 'VARSITY PITCHER.
Photograph by Randall.



CAPTAIN W. E. GREEN, OF PRINCETON.

Sports.

Athletics for the Insane.—It was my pleasure recently to receive an invitation to visit Ward's Island to witness the athletic games of the patients of that admirable charitable institution. We took the appropriately named little steamer *Wanderer*, from the foot of East 116th Street. The invited guests were received on the island by Drs. Dent and Campbell, and if they did not spend an enjoyable as well as an instructive afternoon it was their own fault. The athletic games had been arranged for Memorial Day, but the weather had caused their postponement. Of the 4,500 partially or wholly demented unfortunates probably 200 men and women took part in the athletic games, the others being grouped around in sections, with a band of music between, made up from the employés of the institution. To the west of the musicians there was a dancing platform, while the cinder track was directly in front of them. The doctors in blue coats, buttoned close to the neck, and white duck trousers looked more like naval officers than physicians. The patients were plainly clad, but neat and clean in their dress; and if the spectator was not informed he might have taken the assemblage for an ordinary athletic meet in a small city. Some of the women who played in the basketball game wore short skirts, but that was the only attempt at uniform. The patients showed the liveliest interest in the games, displaying little of the mania which had unbalanced their mental processes. In the tug of war, in which there were a dozen men on each team, the competitors tugged away with unusual abandon. One side had the rope fully two feet in their favor, when their opponents rallied, under the encouraging cries of their special doctors and nurses, and yanked the rope back until they had several feet the best of it. This was too much for the side which had the first advantage, and they quit without a word or murmur, just as any man will do when he finds the tide too strong for him. Both Dr. Dent and Dr. Campbell explained at length the wonderful good that the new feature in the treatment for the insane had had. "Why," said Dr. Campbell, "before we adopted this system of outdoor recreation and sports, our percentage of cured patients amounted to fifteen per cent. Now our percentage is thirty per cent. We encourage all sorts of athletics among the patients, and the result speaks for itself. We have not a strait-jacket or padded cell on the island. We have found that the hallucinations vanish before sport." Some people are said to have gone crazy over different branches of sport. You have the comparison. One peculiar feature I noticed was in the running races for both men and women. The doctors used the usual flimsy woolen string at the finishes which can be snapped with a quarter-pound pressure. When the demented winners came to the tape they were confused, and invariably tried to jump it, possibly thinking that it was something to be avoided. I have seen horses leap over the shadow of a pole which happened to show conspicuously on the ground at the finish. At a meet at Mineola last year a piece of paper tape had been placed across the track for use in the bicycle races. A trotting race was started next, and the officials forgot to remove the strip of white paper. When one of the trotters saw it, as he finished, he went into the air and almost broke his neck.

College Yells.—As originally introduced and intended to be used, college cheering was an admirable custom, founded upon loyalty and university sentiment. It helped, in addition, to add zest to the contests, and did no possible harm. Then our professional friends adopted the system, with the result that the coaching and cheering was done more with the idea of confusing opponents than helping friends. I am sorry to say that in some of the college battles this undesirable condition has been felt more than once during recent years. That great noise and confusion at the first Yale-Princeton base-ball game undoubtedly "rattled" the Tigers, so that they went all to pieces. Still, the Princeton men have no cause for complaint, for in the game at Princeton on June 8th, when they defeated Yale fifteen to five, the cheering and yelling could be heard for miles. The Tigers give as much attention to arranging their college songs and cries as any of the other universities. Regular leaders are appointed, and the subjects obey them implicitly. At rehearsals down at Old Nassau the men and women from

the village have been known to visit the university grounds in large numbers to witness the students go through their yelling paces. It is all right to sing and cheer for one's friends, but it is not sportsmanlike to make a noise simply for the purpose of confusing one's rivals.

This is certainly destined to be known as a sporting year, and no branch has shown more positive revival in interest than base-ball, in both the professional and amateur ranks. The fight between the National League and the American has apparently increased the general interest rather than retarded the enthusiasm, as some people thought. Of all of the players in the old league none of them are doing much better work than Fred Tenney, the first baseman of the Boston League team. Tenney brought his funny-shaped feet from Brown University, and he has been an honor to the professional ranks ever since. While Tenney plays the game for all there is in it, he is one of the players who would not think of intentionally injuring a fellow-player. Man will do peculiar things in the heat of passion, but a player who will deliberately injure another player or an umpire with his spikes ought to be blacklisted. I can mention two or three with records of this sort, and will do so if they do not mend their ways. Two college captains who have shown rare courage and ability this year are Captain Robertson of the Yale team and Greene of the Princeton nine. Both are hustlers and mighty good ball-tossers.

GEORGE E. STACKHOUSE.

The World of Amusement.

"THE King's Carnival," at the New York Theatre, has brought together an unusually large number of popular favorites. There is plenty of fun in this two-act burlesque and some very excellent singing and dancing. No better combination of varieties has been brought together in New York in many seasons. Louis Harrison, Daniel McAvoy, Harry Bulger, Mayme Gehrue, Adele Ritchie, Marie Dressler, and Amelia Summerville are only a small part, numerically speaking, of the cast, but they are the chief contributors to the best that is in it, and there is a good deal. It is the most refreshing summer evening's entertainment in the city, and Sire Brothers have been thoughtful enough to cool the beautiful auditorium of the theatre by the use of numerous electric fans.

The opening of the amusement season at Manhattan Beach is always awaited with interest by the sweltering crowd of visitors to New York. It has been signalized this year by a series of free concerts, in the afternoon and evening, by Shannon's excellent Twenty-third Regiment Band. Pain's wonderful exhibition of fire-works will shortly follow, with a magnificent spectacular presentation of "The Fall of Peking." The theatrical attraction will be "The Circus Girl," by the Augustin Daly Musical Company. We are promised a number of the best musical comedies and light operas at the Beach during the season.

The many friends of James T. Powers will be glad to hear that he is to have the best part of his career in Nixon & Zimmerman's production of "The Messenger Boy," which will be staged by Ben Teal. The production is now running in London. George de Long, of the "Florodora" company, will have a leading part.

"Ben-Hur" was not only a very profitable book, but it has been a record breaker as a winner on the stage. The gross receipts of its performance during the past two years aggregate nearly a million dollars. JASON.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

AN interesting compilation by *The Insurance Press*, of the aggregate amount of claims paid by life insurance companies of the United States and in Canada during 1900 is very suggestive. The aggregate payments make a grand total of \$273,500,000. It will interest members of the fraternal orders to observe that \$22,500,000 were paid in dividends and over \$22,000,000 in cash on the surrender of policies. In what fraternal order has a dividend ever been declared to the members, or what cash return has a member ever received on the surrender of his policy? We are constantly told that the fraternal orders offer insurance much more cheaply than the old-line companies, but what do the members receive in return?

Nothing but the prospect of increased dividends and lessening values of their policies, while, as the record shows, policy-holders in the old-line companies are the recipients of dividends from the surplus earnings and of a fair valuation of their policies, if for any reason they are surrendered. Let not this difference between the two systems of life insurance be forgotten. The thrifty man will easily recognize which is the better, the wiser, and safer for him.

"B," Kansas City, Mo.: You can get such an annuity in the New York Life. It paid nearly \$25,000,000 in annuities last year.

"Guardian, Little Rock, Ark.: I doubt if the statement of the agent is true. At all events, he misrepresents the Mutual Life. I know of no safer policy than that which this company offers. You can confirm the figures of the agent by writing directly to the home office in New York City.

"W.," Sheridan, Mich.: If you are insurable in any other company, whose standing and reputation cannot be questioned, a company like the Mutual Life, the Equitable, the New York Life, the Prudential, the Provident Savings, or any of this class, you would be wise if you would drop your policy in a company that is not making the best showing or winning the highest confidence, and take out a new one in a company of unquestioned standing and strength.

"Quaker," Philadelphia: All the great old-line companies uniformly discriminate against the saloon-keeper and liquor-seller. The Equitable has recently established a total-abstinence class of policy-holders. This was done in compliance with a request made by a number of prominent public men, including Senators Frye, of Maine, and Tillman, of South Carolina; the Hon. John W. Wainwright, ex-Governor Larrabee, of Iowa; Bishop Turner, and many others. In a number of British life-insurance companies the total-abstainers are a separate and favored class. Statistics show that they are better and safer risks than persons who are accustomed to the use of intoxicants.

The Hermit.

Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from page 608.)

"F," San Francisco: You will have to settle your short sale either by producing the stock or by making good the difference in the price.

"Z," Cedar Rapids, Ia.: I would not sacrifice my Southern Railway common. I think you will ultimately get what you paid for it, if you will protect it, and perhaps a little more.

"A Constant Reader," Toronto: No book will give you the information you seek. Study business conditions, and carefully read and digest the financial departments of such responsible publications as come within your reach. No stamp.

"P," Yonkers: I commend the conduct of your broker in refusing to speculate on margins, and only making investments of his patrons' funds. You are probably dealing with a trustworthy firm. (2) Spencer Trask & Co., 27 Pine Street.

"W.," Brooklyn, N. Y.: Columbus and Hocking Coal has been advancing of late. A good profit is always a wise thing to take, but it looks like one of the low-priced stocks that might enjoy a further advance. I think as well of it as I do of Kansas City Southern.

"L.," New York: I would not sacrifice my Tennessee Coal and Iron. It sold last year as low as 49 and as high as 104, and has sold this year at nearly 70. Nor would I sacrifice my Chicago Terminal preferred, for that has sold this year as high as 57½. I have not favored the purchase of these stocks, and would always take a fair profit in them. (2) I believe with you that Ontario and Western has a future, if the anthracite combination holds.

"L.," Baltimore: The Seaboard Air Line is in the hands of some of the strongest manipulators on the Street. The report of the earnings shows a largely increasing business, but the stock has had a substantial advance, and I regard it rather as a speculation than an investment. If the market maintains its strength the insiders will undoubtedly advance it, but they stand ready, it is generally believed, to sell out at a good profit whenever they can. I do not think an immediate profit can be looked for in it.

"T.," New Haven, Conn.: American Telephone and Telegraph Company is the successor of the old Bell Telephone concern, and is the parent company of its kind of the world. (2) The new stock about to be issued is sold on favorable terms to the present subscribers, and the stock rights are now selling at a premium. The company owns the majority of the stock of the Bell companies throughout the country, and is strengthening its hold on the telephone business, and especially the long-distance business, every day. No stamp.

"H.," Massachusetts: Very little is known of this concern on the Street. (2) I would not sacrifice the bonds at present, though I doubt if they will sell much higher in the near future. (3) With the experience you have had with similar propositions, I should think you would hesitate to embark in this new one. The difficulty with all these private corporations is that the public cannot be informed regarding their interior workings. Stocks and bonds dealt in on Wall Street can always be sold at a price, because there is a market for them.

"Merchant," Baltimore: Among the low-priced stocks favorably regarded, I include Ontario and Western, Chesapeake and Ohio, Monon, Clover Leaf, Kansas City Southern, and St. Joe and Grand Island second preferred. These have all had a substantial advance, and ought to give a profit if bought on a sharp reaction. Among the low-priced bonds I would include the Kansas City Southern threes, the Toledo, St. Louis and Western fours, the St. Louis Southern second, the Peoria and E. income fours, and the Central of Georgia firsts. (2) I know little about it, but am not favorably impressed by its statements thus far.

"E.," Eau Claire, Wis.: Amalgamated Copper is engaged both in the mining and smelting of copper. (2) Its capital stock is \$75,000,000. It has just voted to increase this to \$155,000,000, to acquire the stocks of other mining companies. It declares quarterly dividends at 1½ per cent. and one-half extra, or 2 per cent. in all. (3) Union Pacific pays 2 per cent. semi-annually. (4) The capital of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. is \$100,000,000. It has just voted to increase it to \$150,000,000, \$21,000,000 of which will shortly be offered to stockholders at par, in the proportion of one share for each three shares of old stock held. The stock is all of one kind. It pays regular quarterly dividends of 1½ per cent., and last January paid ¾ per cent. extra dividend. (5) I regard all of these stocks with favor. Perhaps the best permanent investment is the Telephone. I also think well of Diamond Match.

NEW YORK, June 13th, 1901.

JASPER.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.



A DISQUIETING QUESTION.

FLOWERY FIELDS—"Willie, hev you noticed any signs uv mental decay about me lately?"
WEARY WILLIE—"No, no, comrade; fur frum it."
FLOWERY FIELDS—"Well, den, I wonder wot dat lady over dere could hev meant by askin' me w'y I didn't work fer a livin'?"

The Lobster and the Lady.

RATHER a risky substitute for a battle-field is the top of an omnibus, but there have been not a few homeric struggles on "imperiales," as they are termed. The latest adventure of the sort owed its origin to a very comical mistake. At a particular Parisian office there ascended to the summit of one of these vehicles an individual of very comfortable dimensions, who was speedily immersed in the study of his newspaper, a pretty and well-dressed woman, many years his junior, and an elderly man, who looked like a retired officer. The omnibus had hardly started when the old beau began to cast glances expressive of intense admiration at his fair neighbor, and although he received no encouragement he continued his attempt to get up a flirtation with her quite unabashed. Suddenly the lady rose to her feet, at the imminent risk of toppling over, and screamed out, "You ruffian! Not content with making eyes at me, you are putting your arm round my waist." Most of the people on the top of the vehicle indulged in a merry laugh, but the individual who had been reading his paper so attentively was in no jesting mood. Crushing it up he sprang in front of the lady and, shouting to her admirer, "What do you mean by insulting my wife?" dealt him a couple of sound boxes on the ear. The luckless old beau had hitherto fancied that the woman was unaccompanied by an escort, and had, therefore, volunteered for that pleasant task. He denied that he had attempted to encircle her waist, but his explanation was vain and a pitched battle ensued, which only terminated after the conductor, assisted by other passengers, had succeeded in separating the combatants, both of whom were decidedly the worse for wear. Then a shrill voice was heard to exclaim, "Why, it's all my lobster's fault." Everybody looked, and sure enough the speaker was engaged in a desperate effort to push back into a basket a big lobster which had



A BELIEVER.

One Irishman who believes that disputes should be submitted to arbitration.

half emerged from it, and had been amusing itself with sundry pinches of the taper waist of the heroine of this adventure. The husband and the wife were now profuse in their apologies, which the old gentleman finally accepted, but with a rather bad grace, and little wonder in the circumstances, as he will have to nurse his battered visage for some time, abstaining in the meanwhile from further attempts at conquest. He declares that he will loathe the sight and the taste of lobster to the end of his days.

An Up-to-date Young Man.

"Dick proposed to me last night," confessed Madge to Elizabeth.

"Let me congratulate you, for of course you accepted him?"

"No."

"You didn't reject him?"

"Yes."

"How did he take it?"

"Oh, he was perfectly lovely about it, and I almost worship him for it. He said he knew the girls liked to have it to say that they have had a great many offers, and that he should not despair, but he hoped that when I had refused enough proposals to satisfy me I would intimate the fact to him in some way, and then he would propose again and we could be married quietly and settle down. Do you think it would be forward in me to let him know that I have now refused all the offers I care to?"

If You Are Going to Boston.

FOR the convenience of those who may have occasion to enter within the sacred precincts of the literary areopagus of the Western world this summer we proffer a few expressions from the Bostonese, with translations in the vernacular:

Intellectual indigent—Blockhead.

Albuminous prevarication—A white lie.

Post-nocturnal recuperation—Breakfast.

Meridian accubation—Dinner.

Intercomal communication—Door.

Somnambulistic peripatetic—One who walks in his sleep.

Lineamental indentations—Dimples.

Transmigratory mendicant—A tramp.

Promiscuous proletariat—The common herd.

Supererogatory dilettanteish—Bostonian.

The Oriental Way.

Little Mickey—"Oi saw Hop Lung, the laundryman, radin' a Choinase book jist now. Instid av doin' loike a whoite man, shure, he begins at the back an' rades up-wards."

McLubberty—"Begorra! is the poor divil lift-handed or cross-oyed, or phwat?"

Often the Case.

Day—"A man's ability to save money depends largely on his marrying a woman who is an economist in dress."

Weeks—"That's true; the more economy the more cost."

The Irish of It.

German Woman (calling her little child)—"Komm' hierher, mein kind."

Irishman (passing by)—"Faith, how kin yez xipiet a little kid loike thot t' undershtand yez? Phy don't yez shpake t' him in English?"

Recovery.

THE train was nearly due. Her baggage had been sent and the carriage was at the door with the impatient driver in waiting.

Suddenly she flew through the rooms, overturning a scuttle of coal in her passage and flinging the stunned housemaid into a chair against the wall. Then, throwing herself passionately on her knees before the kitchen table, the girl ejaculated breathlessly, "My chewing-gum!"

She had stuck it to the under side of the table when she made that cake for tea the day before.

Unlooked For.

He—"There's one thing I am glad of. If anything should happen to me my wife's father would always take care of her."

She—"But suppose something should happen to your wife's father?"

Reason Enough.

"Why did you break off your engagement with Jim?" asked Nellye of Mae.

"He got to signing his love-letters 'Jyme,'" replied Mae.

Wasn't Feeling Well.

"THAT's a good conundrum," said the Circassian girl.

"Give it to the dog-faced boy."

"Oh, I tried it on him first," said the rubber man, "but he seemed out of sorts this morning and wouldn't bite."

Almost Paradise.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"How is the family in the next flat?"

Mrs. Hillaire—"I couldn't ask for better neighbors. Their little boy is tongue-tied and they use only noiseless rockers."

In the Mountains.

AMONG the summer hills and dales
She wanders night and day,
Although she finds her searching fails,
For no man comes her way.
And while she vows she can't exist
Without a single one,
Yet all the summer through she's kissed,
But only by the sun.

In the Hospital.

A MAN with a broken arm was conveyed to the hospital for treatment the other day. The surgeon in charge inquired, "Will you take ether?"

"No," grimly responded the sufferer. "If it is just the same to you I would prefer to have a little boneset."

HE GOT MORE THAN HE WANTED.



I. FARMER HOCAGE—"If that bicycle feller stops here fer a drink I'll fix him."



II. CHOLLY SMALL—"Can I twouble you faw—a—aw gloss of youah wefweshing well-watah, me good fellah?"
FARMER HOCAGE—"Step up, sonny, an' help yerself."



III. FARMER HOCAGE—"Then git!"

He Won the Garment.

A MAN carried a pair of pantaloons back to his tailor and said, "I cannot wear these pants. They are tighter than my skin." The tailor said, "I guess not. If you will prove that they are tighter than your skin I will make you a new pair for nothing." The man replied, "I can sit down in my skin, but I cannot in those pantaloons."

Too Liberal to Care.

Mrs. Watterbury (a New England bride)—"No, Lionel. So long as I was single you were welcome as often as you chose to call; but now that I am a married woman your attentions must cease."

Lionel—"But you have influence with your husband, Constance."

Mrs. Watterbury—"I don't see what that has to do with it."

Lionel—"Get him to live in New York. They won't mind it there."

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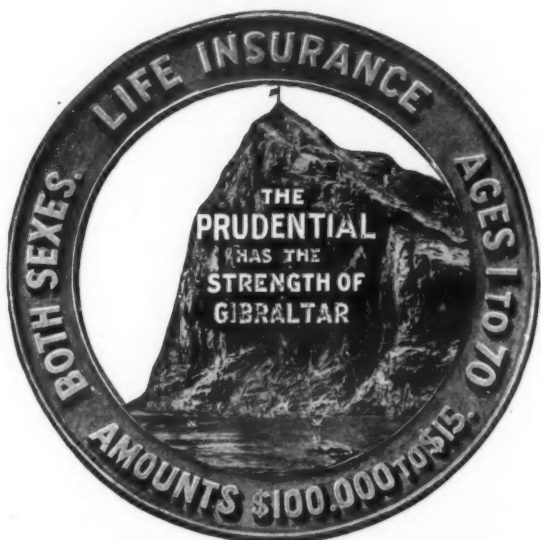
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A NOVEL DECORATION DAY CEREMONY—CASTING FLOWERS UPON THE OCEAN IN MEMORY OF OUR NAVAL HEROES.—Photograph by Ramsey & Stevenson, Los Angeles, Cal.

A New Memorial Day Ceremony.

To a patriotic woman of Santa Monica, Cal., Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, belongs the credit of inaugurating a new, beautiful, and appropriate Memorial Day observance. For years we have been strewing flowers upon the graves of the brave men who gave up their lives for their country in the Civil War. This is as it should be, and will be for ages to come. Equally just and appropriate is that flowers should be strewn upon the waves as a tribute to the many heroes who died in battle on the sea, and who found their last resting-place in the unknown depths. This was what a camp of Sons of Veterans did on the beach at Santa Monica last Memorial Day.



MRS. ARMITAGE S. C. FORBES, WHO SUGGESTED A NEW DECORATION DAY CUSTOM.

Commodore Hopkins Association of Naval Veterans No. 35, Lieutenant-Commander E. W. Smith, commanding, came down from the Soldiers' Home, and participated in the exercises. The Santa Monica Woman's Relief Corps and pupils of the public schools and of the Academy of the Holy Name took part in the proceedings. Thousands witnessed the impressive ceremonies from the shores. As the flowers and garlands fell upon the waves they covered the sea as a carpet of bloom and rejoiced the loyal hearts of the brave old veteran navy men who stood beside the water and saw the tribute paid to their fallen comrades.

A Floating Show of Our Products.

SAMPLES of American merchandise and manufactures will be shown in all the ports of the world, if the plan of O. P. Austin, chief of the bureau of statistics in the Treasury Department, Washington, is carried out. Mr. Austin proposes to equip a floating exposition with the best this country can produce, in order to put our merchants in closer touch with those of other nations. He considers this time, at the beginning of a new century, especially favorable, as the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo, intended to promote trade with South American countries, and another at Charleston, having the West Indies for its commercial zone, would furnish a nucleus of products for the floating show.

Mr. Austin shows, by statistics, in an article published in the *Geographic Magazine*, that great opportunities are open to American enterprise. He says:

The imports of Asia, Oceania, Africa, and the American countries south of the United States amount to over two billion dollars every year. Nearly all of these importations are of the very class of goods which we want to sell—food-stuffs, textiles, mineral oils, machinery, and manufactures of all kinds; yet our sales to these grand divisions in the best year of our commerce, 1900, only amounted to about \$200,000,000, or ten per cent. of their purchases. The annual imports of Asia and Oceania are over a billion dollars, those of Africa over four hundred millions, and those of the countries lying south of the United States about six hundred millions.

If a floating exposition were systematically organized, loading one vessel with exhibits of food-stuffs, another with textiles, another with agricultural implements and vehicles, another with manufactures of iron and steel, another with household requirements, and another with "Yankee notions," and sent from port to port and continent to continent, it should prove highly advantageous to our commercial relations with all of the countries visited.

Every manufacturer or exporter sending an exhibit would naturally send with it a capable representative, who could discuss with the local merchant the qualities of his goods and their fitness or unfitness for local markets.

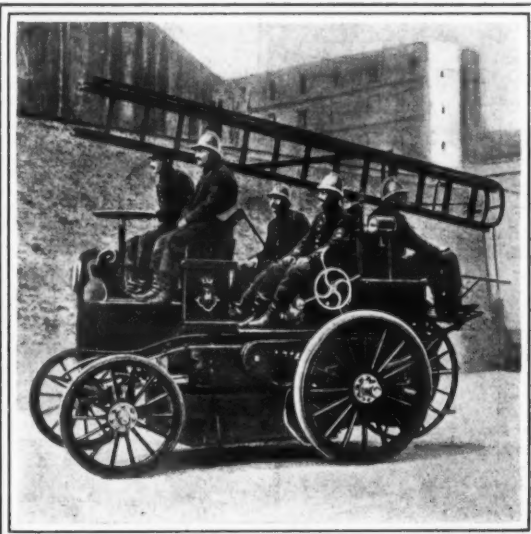
The Greatest Drinkers in the World.

A QUESTION of more interest, no doubt, to sociologists and moral reformers than to the merely curious relates to the comparative amount of spirituous liquors per capita drunk by the people of various civilized countries. In other words, who among these has the largest capacity for absorbing liquid refreshments of the kind that sometimes inebriates as well as cheers. Some

beer, its inhabitants drinking at the rate of fifty-six gallons a head a year. Wurtemberg makes a good second with forty-three gallons a year, while each inhabitant of the Grand Duchy of Baden may be reckoned as drinking thirty-six gallons in a year. It will be observed by this statement that the per-capita consumption of beer in this country is comparatively small, being less than half that of England.

Electrical Fire Engines.

THE belief that the United States leads the world in every modern appliance and mechanical invention is so common in this country that it amounts almost to conceit. There is one department, however, where France is far ahead. It is in the matter of automobiles, and the French croakers are pointing to the United States as a country which might profit from some of their innovations, not altogether without reason. While they



THE LATEST PARISIAN COMBINATION AUTOMOBILE AND FIRE-TRUCK.

give us credit for the most approved appliances for fighting fire, they believe that their automobile trucks, hose-carts, and engines are ahead of anything possessed in the New World. In Paris there is a corps of *sapeurs-pompiers*, which has the same relation to the force as the sappers have to the regular army. They have a new wagon, which is hose-cart and truck in one. It carries the material of first relief, ladders, ropes, axes, and 240 metres of hose.

Electricity has been used with great success in working the pumps, as well as driving the carriages, effecting a considerable saving in time over the steam engines in use in this country and the carbonic-acid-gas machines used in Germany. The ladder is raised by electric power, which is much easier than by any other method now in use. It takes only a few minutes to raise it or haul it down. The fire horse, it seems, will be the next to follow the car-horse from the streets, as the French apparatus has proven such a success that it is bound to come into general use.

The Perils of Oriental Journalism.

THE oldest journal in the world is *The Kin-Pan*, of Peking, which has been published without a break for over 1,000 years, during which time 1,900 editors of this one paper have been beheaded. As a rule it may be said that in this region an editorial ambition toward

reliable information on this point was recently presented in a paper read before the British Statistical Society. According to this showing the amount of wine that is drunk per head in wine-consuming countries is amazing. In France the consumption per capita is twenty four gallons a year, while the average Italian drinks twenty gallons annually, and the average Spaniard eighteen. But in mere quantity the beer-drinkers far exceed the wine-drinkers. Thus the annual consumption of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is nearly thirty-two gallons per head; that of Germany is twenty-seven gallons; that of the United States is thirteen gallons. The general impression is that Germany heads the list, but this is true only of parts of the empire. Bavaria leads the world in the consumption of

individuality of thought flowers but once. Most of the early Japanese editors have committed suicide on official hint. The "prison editor" is a feature of the Japanese journalism which is seemingly without any counterpart in New York. In Japan he works less and gets paid more than almost any one on the paper. He never writes a line, but gets paid a fine salary. When anything is published which the censor of newspapers thinks might mean something (the usual editorials being written in a style that is wholly non-committal) the paper is suspended and the prison editor steps forward, bows low, and says: "What augustly may be, probably, augustly must be." Then he marches off to a term in prison. This scheme worked well for a time—and there have been daily newspapers in Japan for only about twenty years—but latterly the censor has demanded that the principal editor, publisher, and printer shall become acquainted with "durance vile," and his commands, though their purport is unmistakable, are polite enough to suggest that Mr. Gilbert's ideas in purveying Japanese comic opera were not strained. They read as follows: "Deign honorably to cease honorably publishing august paper. Honorable editor, honorable publisher, honorable chief printer, deign honorably to enter august jail." Mr. Gilbert never improved on that.

Newspaper censorship is also strict in Turkey. The press was forbidden to give any account of the assassination of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria which at all resembled the truth. The result was that according to the Turkish press the story ran as follows: "The Empress was taking a walk and was suddenly seized with illness. She fell to the ground, got up again and again, and finally fell unconscious. In half an hour she was dead." The reason for this was that no reference is ever made to anarchists or nihilists. They have been permissibly called "disturbers of the peace" when some expression was necessary; but even this has been forbidden latterly, and anarchists can only be referred to, if at all, by the word "Utopians." Yet these Oriental customs are not at all for the purpose of educating a sense of humor in Americans.

Until fifty years ago newspapers were not permitted in Persia, and the Shah is a rigid censor, who rules the local newspaper world with an iron hand. In Russia the editor of the *Norvye Vremya* never allows any mention of politics, and perhaps controls the only paper in the world which does not possess a political opinion. But among the Russian papers it has the best organized system of reporting and is consequently much read.

STINSON JARVIS.

Wall Street—By the Ticker.

THERE by the ticker some one lies,
The floor is red with stains,
And while a face is turning gray
The busy ticker croons away
Of losses and of gains.

There by the crooning ticker lies
Hope, love, ambition, pride;
For him who wields the tragic pen
A tale is there to harrow men
Who hurry on outside.

Somewhere, perhaps, a little face
Is pressed against a pane
In eager watchfulness for one
Who, while the changing seasons run,
Shall let her watch in vain.

There by the ticker some one lies
Whose weary face is gray,
And at his feet a mocking pile
Of fragile tape keeps growing while
The ticker croons away.

S. E. KISER.

Fresh Facts from Other Lands.

THE Stanhope gold medal of the Royal Humane Society, of London, for the bravest deed done in 1900 was awarded to William Allen, a Sunderland sailor. Allen courageously rescued three men from a still in which they had been overcome by the fumes.

Another record which America has just made for itself is in gold production. According to the report of the director of the United States Mint the gold product of this country for 1899 was \$71,053,400, the greatest in our history, and exceeding that of 1898 by \$6,590,400. To the total amount Alaska contributed \$2,934,700. The gold product of the Nome diggings alone in 1900 will amount, it is estimated, to \$4,365,894.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY ON HIS WAY TO THE LAUNCH OF THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAMER "KRONPRINZ WILHELM," AT STETTIN, GERMANY. Photograph by the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company.

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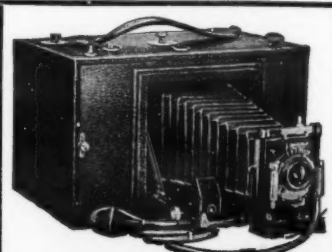
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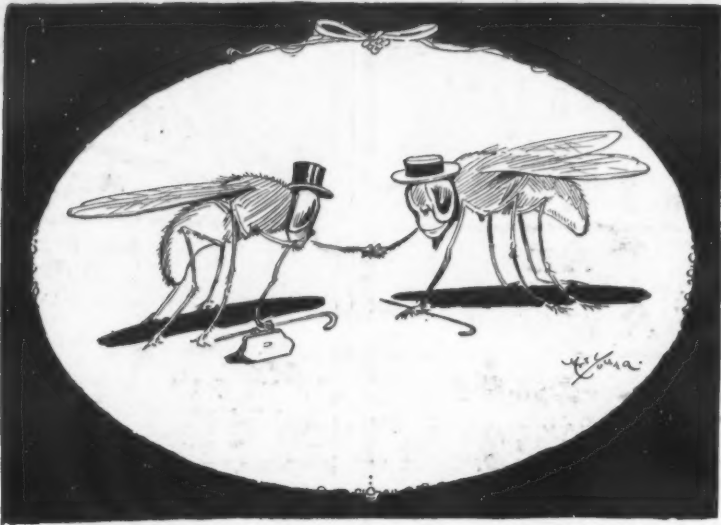
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 SECOND FLY—"I'm going down here to a boarding-house where they don't keep ice, and wade around in the butter. Where you going?"
 FIRST FLY—"Oh, I've found a family of three bald heads down in the country, and I think I shall hang around there."

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

Fourth of July and Outing Number of Leslie's Weekly



LESLIE'S WEEKLY does not inflict so-called special numbers every week upon a long suffering public. About eight times a year it publishes the real thing. The recent fine Pan-American Number is an illustration of this. This Number had the largest sale and received the greatest number of complimentary notices of any in the history of the paper. Our next special, with colored covers and all the well-known artistic features, will be issued about July 1st. It will be filled with articles and pictures illustrating summer sports and pastimes, and everything that goes to make the summer vacation enjoyable. First-class advertising of all sorts will be welcomed to its columns. Every advertiser who is not a regular customer of LESLIE'S should have an advertisement in this number. Full information and specimen copies of previous special numbers sent on application.

Leslie's Weekly
110 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

W. L. MILLER,
Advertising Manager

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These two fast trains provide the best of everything, and leave Chicago every day. For particulars call on any agent. Send 4c stamps for "Colorado Illustrated."

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